

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, ETC.

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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No. 30.

Maine Farmer.

"Why should I plant corn," remarks a young farmer, "when a bushel of potatoes will buy a bushel of corn, and I can get one to two hundred bushels to the acre?" Who will answer?

State College Field Day on Wednesday of next week, June 5. Take a day off, all hands, now that the seed is in the ground, and go up and see what is being done. Pres. Harris and his associates will give you a cordial reception.

The milkmen of Boston have adopted an ingenious method of evading the stringent milk laws. They label all their cans "skim milk," yet go on selling the same milk as before, and at the same price.

Prof. Sanborn says we have a class who lay down imaginary laws and act upon them as though they were demonstrated verities. He might have added, on the contrary, that they were acting on fossilized laws as though there could be no advance.

The New England Homestead suggests that the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and other similar institutions, are giving undue attention to the higher mathematics and too little to the practical application of mathematical principles; or, in other words, that their graduates often know more about the differential calculus than they do about the draft of an evenner.

Experiments have been reported at the Wisconsin Station testing the distance apart to plant potatoes for the greatest yield. The distance of the rows remained the same, while the variations were between the hills. The check-row system with hills thirty-eight inches apart each way was compared against the drills at nineteen inches apart, and with the conclusion that there was no loss with the hills the long distance apart. It will take a long time to convince Aroostook potato planters of the value of such conclusions.

We are obliged to state that the apple bloom this spring is not especially promising of a general crop of this important fruit. Many trees are barren of blossom, on others they are scattering, while those with full bloom seem to be in the minority. Besides, the blossoms developed unevenly, and the weather has been quite changeable and cold. To what extent injury will result from this apparently unfavorable outlook, of course no one can tell. But usually, bountiful crops do not come out of unfavorable conditions. The Lake counties of New York report a full bloom.

THE STATION BULLETIN ON CONDIMENTAL FOODS.

In another column we publish the substance of a bulletin issued from the station by Prof. Jordan on the matter of condimental foods for domestic animals, in which he gives his own opinion of this class of articles, and furnishes quotations from other station reports of a like character.

As a rule, we do not accept the need of condimental foods in the feeding of domestic animals. We claim that given healthy animals to start with, if they are fed by a person who knows his business, they will be maintained in health and thrive through his supplying them with a combination of food materials suited to their wants. Whenever a tendency to disordered condition appears a modification of food sets it right. Diet is the great health sustainer.

But there are exceptions to all rules, and so disordered conditions and diseases appear and the feeder has to meet and cope with them. Thus at times and in certain cases it becomes necessary to deviate from the usual course, and possibly resort to stronger means than a modification of diet. It is then that special condiments, and possibly drugs, have a place as necessary as the ordinary food. It has seemed to us that our own station, and others in a like work, have been somewhat in error and therefore misleading in their claimed examinations of these medicinal foods, and also in their published reports of the same. The bulletin under consideration, is not an exception to this.

In the first place the examinations of these foods, as shown by their reports, are of the most superficial character, and in no case that we have noted have ever covered their full contents. They have examined them as stock foods and for food contents alone. Whereas they are sold for and bought for a purpose distinctively different from that for which the examination was made and on which the reports were made up. In witness of this read the extracts from the different station reports. A condimental food, an appetizer, or a medicinal herb or seed, in certain cases and under certain conditions have a value and produce an effect that is not measured by food contents.

To illustrate: A horse or an ox in our care, for the reason of too long feeding on a defective fodder ration, becomes constipated, digestion disordered, appetite poor, and is running down in flesh. A portion of the former feed is dropped

off and a measure of potatoes or of linseed meal is substituted. In a few days an improvement is noticed in the animal and in a short time a full return to the desired condition is reached. The folly of an examination of the potatoes or the linseed meal for their contents of food material, as a measure of their value for the purpose fed, appears at once. Just here is where we take exception to the station examinations and reports.

Condimental foods, we contend, may have a place in practice, but that value can never be measured in comparison with the regular food material of corn, oats or hay. As found and sold in patent foods they may be unnecessarily costly, yet have a measure of value all the same for the purposes for which they are needed. Fenugreek seed, for instance, is widely used in stable practice and has a value for that place. The same is true of sulphur and other substances named in the bulletin as "utterly valueless to a well animal and a poor reliance as a means of curing a sick one." By what authority our station report assumes to have established the fact that these substances in so general use as medicinal agencies are a "poor reliance," does not appear. Most certainly by experienced feeders they are held of value, as proved from their common use.

We contend, then, that instead of a mere cursory examination of these foods for the kind of meal food of which these condimental and medicinal substances are compounded, and assuming that as the sole basis of value, is a misrepresentation. It is for the appetizing and medicinal ingredients, not the meal with which they are mixed that these foods are used. Therefore in justice, we contend, they should be examined for their contents of ingredients that gives them special value, and credit should be given for what they are worth for the purposes used, and not merely as a staple food for which they are not intended.

We are not contending for the use of these patent foods. We do not question the representation that they are sold at prices above what the ingredients might cost in other forms. We only claim that when a station undertakes to analyze the foods under consideration, common intelligence calls for a more complete and exhaustive examination than the several extracts given in the bulletin show that they received.

MATHEMATICAL BUTTER.

The *Jersey Bulletin* very sensibly, and we contend wisely, opposes "butter tests" of Jersey cows, or of any other cows when no butter is made. Experimenters at the stations have found it a much easier way to carry on their butter making investigations by "calculations" from the per cent. of fat in the milk, than by going through the different and complicated processes, and bringing out the actual product in the form of golden table butter at the end of the work. It is a simpler process to do it in that way, and, besides, the trained officers at the stations are better schooled in mathematics than in dairy work. From the work of these experimenters there has come up a claim that this course of reckoning is sufficient for all tests and experiments.

Without stopping at this time to discuss the possible close relation of a percentage of butter fat to actual butter, there is an important point in the *Jersey Bulletin's* position. Mathematical butter is not the article that is placed on the table of the epicure, or offered on the market in exchange for currency, and it may differ essentially from it. When a dairyman goes out and buys a fourteen-pound cow, he wants and is properly entitled to a guarantee that she will furnish fourteen pounds a week of tangible merchantable butter. It is butter that is wanted and that gives value to the cow to the purchaser. Figures spread on paper are not an equivalent for the product so long as there is not an unvarying relation between them. Hence we endorse the claim that the test of a cow to rely upon should be the record that the churn gives, rather than that which is figured out on paper. A butter fat record is all right so far as it goes, and so is a milk record, only don't add a little mathematics to it and record it a butter record. Call things by their right names, and they will not be misleading.

WOOL PROSPECTS.

As the season approaches for the final wool clip, the question of prospective prices naturally enough arises among growers. The interest, however, is not so special active, as it seems to be taken for granted that there is not much money in wool anyway, or perhaps better, not much money to be gotten out of wool. In such a conclusion growers are not probably far out of the way.

The situation at the present time is that there is little activity in the trade, and prices remaining without marked change from the standard of several months past. Some wool is being taken by manufacturers, but transactions are small and buyers few.

crop than on the wool, hence take the going price and call it all right. Large wool growers, however, of whom there are some still left, are not generally disposed to sell on the low-down prices, and will pack their clip away with that of last year, and hopefully await events.

RAISING SPRING CALVES.

All farmers do not care to raise their calves in fall and winter, rather than in the spring, as recommended by us some time ago. So they are dropped in spring. In driving across the country at this season of the year and a little later one frequently sees these young calves tethered out by the road side or back of the barn that they may feed on the young and growing grass. Others a little older are turned to pasture and left to do as they will.

Now, to all who are trying to rear these young calves in this way we wish to say: Don't do it. Spring calves will grow better the summer through in a clean dry pen in the barn and fed on fine dry hay than if fed on grass. And especially does this hold true with those two or three months old and still having milk. The labor involved is also much less. As winter approaches these hay fed calves will be larger, thriftier, and therefore in better condition to go on in their growth during cold weather than in case they had been fed on grass.

QUERY-NITRATE OF SODA.

Mr. Editor: Will you please inform me through your paper if Nitrate of Soda is of any value for forcing early peas, applied at any time during the growing period, and how much to apply on rows of 100 feet in length, and what is the cost of same? And oblige, O. A. R.

Nitrate of Soda, high grade, contains about 19 per cent. ammonia. It will force the plant growth of any of our common agricultural plants. It operates promptly, and therefore spends its force quickly. Applied to peas it will force the growth of the plant. Five pounds to a row one hundred feet in length, would be sufficient for a single application. It is an interesting work to experiment in these matters in a small way, and carefully note results. The cost can be learned on application to any of the fertilizer manufacturers advertising in our columns.

STATE COLLEGE FIELD DAY.

The Agricultural department of the State College has issued the following information in regard to the farmers' field day meeting, to be held at the Maine State College on Wednesday, June 5:

Programme.
The exercises will begin at 9.00 A. M. and will continue until 4.00 P. M. and will consist of inspection of buildings and apparatus, chemical and electrical experiments, operation of machinery, dinner, exhibition drill by students, and speeches by distinguished visitors and by members of the faculty.

Visitors—It is expected that the members of the Board of Agriculture, officers of the State Grange and other prominent agriculturists will be present. A dinner—Beans and coffee will be served for refreshments. For anything further visitors will depend upon their lunch baskets.

Transportation—Both the Maine Central and the Bangor and Aroostook Railroads will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip. On both roads tickets will be on sale the 4th, good to return the 6th.

Train arrivals—From Bangor and the West, 6.25, 7.12, about 9.40, 11.24 A. M., and 12.08 P. M. From the East, 5.33, 8.41, 9.41 A. M.; 12.04 P. M.
Train departures—For Bangor and the West, 12.02, 2.04, about 4.00, 6.21 P. M. For the East, 12.08, 4.37, 5.29, 7.42 P. M. Persons going "all day" from Bangor to the college may take the train leaving Orono at 6.21 P. M., excepting those living on the Dexter Branch, who must leave on the special about 4.00 P. M. Persons going from the college east over the Bangor & Aroostook must take the train leaving Orono at 4.57 P. M.

Ladies and persons unable to walk will be furnished free transportation from the railroad station to the college and return. For further information apply to Prof. W. H. Jordan, Orono.

MORE POTATOES.

How they do it in Tioga County, N. Y. Within the past 15 years I have raised over 30,000 bushels of potatoes, on one farm, and the farm is in much better condition to-day, than when I commenced raising potatoes. There are four things to be considered in growing potatoes: soil, seed, cultivation and marketing. We must not only have good soil, but the right kind, to grow potatoes; not all soil is suitable for potatoes, even if it is fertile. Soil that will grow big corn or wheat, may not grow potatoes. Each farmer must know his soil.

Having good potato soil, the potatoes must have food. It is just as essential to feed potatoes as it is a calf; you can better afford to starve your calf than you can your potatoes. Clover sod on loam land is the best; you will get more benefit from the sod if plowed in the fall, and it will stand drought better. If barnyard manure is used, it is better to put it on the ground, after plowing, during the winter.

I prefer to plant early; early planting, as a rule, gives the best results. When ready to plant, put on a spring-tooth harrow and give the ground a thorough harrowing, and then harrow it again. Harrowing is very essential. When I do not have sufficient sod land, I plant after corn, and use a liberal amount of fertilizer, say, 600 pounds per acre. I mark

my ground with a wheel furrower, two rows at a time, five inches deep, and usually plant in hills, three feet each way. Much care should be taken to select good seed, not only good to yield, but good to eat; this is what they are for.

Large or medium-sized potatoes are better to plant; if we plant small potatoes, year after year, they will degenerate. If we were as careful in selecting our seed potatoes as we are our seed corn, we would not hear so much about potatoes running out. Poor seed and poor soil are what run out potatoes. I cut my potatoes, so as to have two eyes on a piece, some kinds require more seed to keep them from growing too large. Plant one piece in a hill, drop the potato in the furrow, and if fertilizer is used, drop this on the side of the furrow, opposite the potato; when covered, this will mix with the soil and fall over the potato. Using the same machine to cover that I mark with, the potatoes are covered five or six inches deep. Soon after planting, I go over the ground with a smoothing harrow, 12 feet wide with 72 teeth, and just as the harrow comes through the ground I go over them again with a harrow. After this, I go through them once a week with a cultivator, usually twice each way. —Rural New Yorker.

CONDIMENTAL FOODS.

Station Bulletin No. 20.

From Station Bulletin No. 20 we give abstracts covering the leading matter: A class of material commonly spoken of as "Condimental" or "patent" foods, has been found in our markets for many years. Now and then a new one appears, as the Imperial Egg Food, or the Nutritious Food, etc. They usually possess an agreeable or rather positive odor, which to the uninitiated gives the appearance of value.

The claims that are made for the nutrient and tonic properties of these commodities are fairly startling as lying outside the range of either common experience or scientific knowledge, and on the strength of such claims these wonderful mixtures are sold in most cases at prices ranging from \$100 to \$200 per ton. How utterly absurd both the claims and the prices appear in the light of fact! Repeated careful examinations of these materials show that without exception they consist principally of common cattle foods, or other common materials, mixed with small percentages of the cheapest and most ordinary medicinal substances.

The following are the results of a number of examinations made by various expert stations:
From Rep. Conn. Expt. Sta., 1878, p. 125: "Condimental Cattle Food," cost \$3.00 per 100 lbs. "It consists chiefly of corn meal and bran. It contains enough fenugreek to give it a strong flavor of that aromatic seed and likewise some seeds like caraway in appearance."
From Rep. Maine Expt. Sta., 1888, p. 52: "Imperial Egg Food." Cost 50 cents per pound. "Chiefly clam and oyster shells with some bone, also some pepper."

"Johnson's Continental Food." Cost 75 cents for 10 lbs. "A mechanical examination shows that the food is undoubtedly wheat bran with possibly some middlings." Contains "some fenugreek" and "a little sulphur."
"English Patent Food." Cost \$1.00 for 10 lbs. "Appears to be made up of middlings and corn meal, largely middlings. * * * Contains 'some fenugreek.'"

From Rep. Conn. Expt. Sta., 1888, p. 146: "The Concentrated Feed for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, etc." "Apparently consists of a mixture of wheat and corn with thirteen per cent. of salt, and perhaps a little of some more concentrated food." "Costs \$100 per ton in small quantities." "The Concentrated Egg Food." Cost \$4.00 for 12 pounds, equivalent to \$600 per ton. "Contains both corn and wheat, and some more concentrated food."

From Bulletin 15, N. H. Expt. Sta.: "Pratt's Food." Cost 75 cents for 12 pounds, or \$60.00 per 100 pounds. "The food appears to be wheat middlings, to which has been added some fenugreek and some salt."
"Weston's Condition Powder." Cost 50 cents for package of 3 pounds. "It resembled a mixture of corn meal and cotton seed meal, and it had a saline taste and strong odor of fenugreek."

"Clint's Food." Cost \$1.00 per 12 pounds, or \$80.00 per 100 pounds. It resembled a mixture of fine wheat middlings and wheat screenings together, with a small quantity of caraway or fenugreek seed, and a little bit of a substance like butter or oil bark. "Also common salt 9.77 per cent. Glauber's salt 4.50 per cent, and Chili Saltpeter 3.84 per cent."

From Rep. Maine Expt. Sta., 1892, p. 26: "Pratt's Food." Cost \$120 per ton. "Has the appearance of being chiefly ground bran or shorts. Contains a small amount fenugreek. * * * Contains something less than 3 per cent. of common salt."

From Rep. Conn. Expt. Sta., 1893, p. 244: "Nitritone." "It contains a considerable quantity of some leguminous seed, some linseed meal and perhaps other feeding stuffs, together with aromatic substances (fenugreek, anise seed, caraway and the like), and over ten per cent. of salt."

The following are some of the statements that have been made by men who are students of animal nutrition, in regard to condimental cattle foods in general.
"Mr. Lawes of Rothamstead, England, made a most thorough practical trial on the use of condiments in feeding, and demonstrated that there is no profit in it."

"The foods have no greater nutritive value than wheat bran, middlings and corn meal from which they are made, while the small quantities of fenugreek and sulphur are utterly valueless to a well animal, and a poor reliance as a means of curing a sick one." —Rep. Maine Expt. Sta., 1885, p. 53.

Facts To Be Remembered.
(1) The mixture of ingredients contained in the ordinary foods comprises

all that are known, either to practice or science, as useful to animal life.

(2) The ordinary cattle foods supply animal nutrition in the most useful and economical forms.

(3) Condimental foods are absurd as medicines. If an animal is well, no medicine is needed; if ill, remedies adapted to the case should be administered.

(4) The farmer could manufacture his own "condimental" food at a fraction of their actual cost, by mixing a small amount of such common substances as salt, sulphur, saltpeter, fenugreek, caraway, &c., with the daily grain ration.

W. H. JORDAN.
Maine State College, Orono.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE TREE AGENT.

BY C. W. TIBBETTS.
It is surprising at this late day to see how readily hundreds, yes, thousands of well informed farmers will part with their hard earned dollars to help fill the pockets of the middlemen in certain branches of trade, when there is positively no excuse for such losses. But the most surprising of all is to see how many of our intelligent, and to all appearances well posted fruit growers and farmers will still persist in buying their nursery stock of the "tree agent." Why is it, when after being repeatedly warned against purchasing through agents, by the *Maine Farmer* and other agricultural papers, that they will still throw away needlessly their hard earnings, which they so much need with which to purchase fertilizers, farming implements, etc? Will they ever learn that by buying direct from the nursery they can save from 30 to 50 per cent? I have purchased in years past from both the peddler and the nurseryman, and I know whereof I speak.

Now, to every reader of the *Farmers* who contemplates purchasing nursery stock of any kind in the future, I wish for a moment to call your attention to the difference in the prices of both. A few days ago I received a bale of nursery stock from one of our most reliable nurserymen. Every tree and bush was in the pink of condition, and of the guaranteed size and height. I knew what to expect and was not disappointed. I have dealt with them before, and know them to be honest. Now for the prices. My Lombard and Bradshaw plum trees, standard, five feet and more high, after paying express charges and stage fare, cost me less than 25c. each, by the dozen. The "tree agent" will charge you all the way from 60c. to \$1.00 each, just according to the amount of "gall" he possesses. My Downing gooseberries, Victoria and White Grape currents, two years old, cost me 90c. per dozen. Agents will fleece you to the tune of from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for the same goods exactly.

These prices are about an average of what you will find them down through the list of large and small fruits. Agents are quite numerous in this section; they all give me a call, consequently I keep well posted on prices. One of the most successful agents in these parts called upon a friend of mine a few days ago and tried to sell him some nursery stock. Among others was the Burbank plum; his price was \$1.50 each, or \$15 per dozen. Now, just see the consummate cheek of this peddler. Before me I have the catalogues from two of as responsible nurserymen as there are in the country. Now, what are their prices for the Burbank plum? Forty cents each, or \$3.50 per dozen; add expressage and they will not cost at your door over \$4.50 per dozen.

People grumble a great deal over the profits of the grocer and butcher, but what are they compared with the profits of the "tree agent?" Just nothing. There is no class of middlemen to-day, who are reaping such unmerciful harvests out of the farmers as this class of individuals. It is high time that an end was put to these exorbitant prices, and it is the duty of all persons who feel an interest for the farmers of Maine to join hands and assist as far as possible, in driving the "tree agent" into the field to work, or into some other occupation. The Maine Board of Agriculture and the Grange would do well to give some attention to this matter.

Among the many responsible nurserymen, who make a specialty of selling direct to the planter, I will mention a few, although there are many others, equally popular and responsible: The Green Nursery Co. and Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y., and Hale Bros., South Glastonbury, Conn. If you want anything in the nursery line, from 50c. worth to a carload, send to any of these firms for their catalogue, and I will guarantee their prices will surprise you, especially if you have been in the habit of procuring your stock of the "tree agent."

Hampden.

For the Maine Farmer.

FARM NOTES FROM OXFORD COUNTY.

BY C. B. SMITH.
Grass is looking finely, the best I have seen it for years, and the cold weather is holding grass back and giving it a good set. Fruit trees of all kinds are in good condition, and have blossomed finely; and if the hard frost of the 13th

does not injure them, and I think it has not to any great extent, we have promise of a good fruit crop. Farmers in this section are not planting one-third as much sweet corn for canning as usual, as prices have been cut badly, and we prefer to plant yellow corn, as many farmers have always thought that we should raise our own feed, instead of paying out so much money as we have for years past. Oats are largely sown, and cut in the green state and dried for fodder, as we think it pays better so than to ripen and thresh them. Potatoes are not planted to a great extent for market, but I think it would pay farmers better than some crops that are raised.

We are selling our cream, which goes to Bridgton and Portland, and there are three cows kept now where ten years ago one was found. Now, this seems a step in the right direction, for cows and hogs, if rightly cared for, afford the greatest profit, both in dollars and enrichment of soil, and there is as little work to care for them as there is to anything that brings in the same amount. Stock of all kinds has come to grass in good condition, as hay is plenty, and feed is good in pastures.

Denmark.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE MAKE OF CHEESE OF 1894.

Bad Wind Up of the Season—Heavy Losses Sustained—Filled Cheese Played Sad Havoc With the Genuine Article.

BY GEO. A. COCHRANE.

Mr. Editor: The make of cheese during the season of 1894 was more than an average one the world over, and to makers, so far as the United States and Canada were concerned, proved a very profitable season, as the speculative feeling ran high on the summer make, and factorymen obtained good prices, and very wisely let it go as fast as ready for market. Our English cousins are in most cases the heaviest losers. They were anxious buyers of summer cheese for cold storage, and commenced to grab the make as soon as grass goods were offered. The largest portion of their operations were confined to Canada. The June and July produce was taken at 9c., and the August at 9c. 10c. The course of the Canadian markets influenced ours in so far as export business was concerned. The result was a corresponding range of values was sustained, or nearly so, during the same months in the New York market. The prices I give are the maximum, and for finest grades.

So large a portion of their purchase during these three months were held on this side of the Atlantic, that the weekly shipments from New York and Montreal were not more than current consumption in England did take care of at prices ranging from 45c. to 46c., 6p., per 112 lbs.

So high a range of values in England during the summer months, which are the largest months of consumption, was to some extent an abnormal state of affairs, considering the large make of the United States and Canada, as well as that of England.

A few years back such a range of values would be called moderately low, as then cheese was much more a necessary article of food to the working classes than now.

The colossal proportions the fresh and canned meat business from America, and the frozen meats from Australia and South America has assumed, has made this no longer necessary, and is now regarded more of a luxury, when the retail price goes above the six-penny cut (12c. a pound, our money).

The summer deal has therefore turned out a bad spec. There has not been a period since the days of purchase that they could be unloaded and cost and charges realized.

The holding of these summer cheese so long found all markets clogged with them when the fall make was ready for market, and the September make was to be had at relatively better value than the summer make cost the speculators.

The first mistake made was in the buying of them at such high prices, and the second one was in holding so long, and crowding their sale into so short a period at the ending of the season.

In many cases the regular English importing houses found themselves uncomfortably loaded up with their own goods at the turn of the year, and were at their wits' end to know how to quit them at any reasonable price; but the quantity dumped in on them from the United States, Canada and New Zealand appears to have completely demoralized them.

In my long experience as an exporter of butter and cheese, I cannot recall a year that both of these articles went out, at the end of the season, together so badly as they have for the season of 1894 make.

All markets in England are alike. Letters from all of them by the mail just in are about of the same tenor, and I quote from one regarded the most conservative in the trade: "Our market is loaded up with cheese of all descriptions, and really good, full cream cheese are being offered at 30c. (6c.), and could be sold at any price buyers would give for them. Stocks here do not go any

less, and with the new make coming in on us it is difficult to see what is going to become of all the old stock here. We are pushing it all we can, but it is of no avail. Fine full cream cheese from 30 @ 40s. (6c.) @ 3c. absorbs the whole of the existing demand, and nothing else has any value at all in the eyes of buyers."

So far as American markets were concerned, I feel quite positive they would all have gone out fairly well but for the matter of these "filled cheese," the sale of which has been much more extensive than is generally supposed. Since the action taken here regarding its sale we have found a much larger trade, and stocks of old are not now excessive, or more than can be worked off at far better value than was thought a short time ago.

Boston.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

BY GEO. E. CHADBOURNE.

I, too, "have read with more than usual interest the article in the last issue of the *Farmers*, entitled 'An Object Lesson.' And it is written by one of the leading lawyers of Cumberland county, who, on a trial before a jury of the right make up, could convince them that the moon is made of green cheese. He is also the worthy member of the Board of Agriculture to represent this county in the interest of the farmers. As a farmer, and in the strongest language, he condemns the barn collar.

Now, we, the farmers of North Cumberland Agricultural Society, pray that we may be considered as part of his constituency, qualified to plan what is meet for our interest, notwithstanding his bacteria scare that has caused so many to commit suicide in the past decade. The idea that the farmers near the North Pole should haul out manure every week, half a mile to the place of deposit, and the mercury at 20° below zero and the snow drifted from four to ten feet deep about the barn and over the fields! When! It lacks wisdom, except the taxpayers are willing to foot the bills as an experiment. Now, Mr. Editor, if our member together with the full board, will hold an institute in this part of Cumberland county for the purpose of showing cause and convincing us that we are all wrong in building new barns on cellars, and raising them while repairing their old ones, for that purpose, on a final vote, we will give them 99 in favor to 1 against the cellar.

Ventilate your cellar properly with funnel to the eaves or cupola, and throw open the doors, except when cold; turn your pigs on the "foul, nasty stuff," and feed them on skim milk and shorts, and they will keep this awful "bacteria" at bay, and you will not realize that your cellar is filled with that terrible stench, or that your "milk is contaminated with the ever festering and poisonous exhalations of the manure pile." While the flesh of your shoats may not be fit to eat, it will sell, after a few weeks of feeding on corn meal, at the market price, and our object would pronounce it good and wholesome.

Why, I can name farmers, owners of new barns, and those recently remodeled, all on cellars, whose manner of conducting them and their dairies would be a model for any State College. And the saving of labor (which can be done by a small boy), and the increased value of the liquid and solid manure combined, and all well housed until ready for use, the money value of which cannot be well and truly estimated on the great success of a barn cellar. Not one progressive farmer in this town, to my knowledge, but has a cellar under his barn, or intends to, and we would advise friend V. and "that other fellow," to do the same.

Bridgton.

For the Maine Farmer.

ATWOOD'S ESTABLISHMENT.

The representative of the *Maine Farmer* for Waldo county, when at Winterport, made a pleasant call upon Hon. Fred Atwood, whose advertisements have been familiar as "household words" for twenty-five years past to the readers of the *Farmers*.

He was one of the pioneers in the introduction into the State of improved agricultural implements from the sulky plow, mowing machine and horse planter. In former years, he had a large trade in hand implements, rakes, forks, scythes, hoes, etc.

In the office in the large store house his clerk is ever ready to wait upon customers, show the full assortment always on hand, and order anything in the line. Commercial fertilizers are also kept for sale.

Mr. Atwood's home office is a very pleasant room in the ancestral Atwood mansion, where the proprietor has found time, besides his many business cares, to care for politics a little. He has represented his constituency in both branches of the State legislature, and has also been on the Governor's Council a term or two.

—Mark McPheters of Guilford is doing quite a business farming this year. He has planted four acres of potatoes, two acres of beans, one acre of corn, a large piece of beets, carrots, etc., and has seeded down some 20 acres and expects to seed some 10 more.

ABOUT CLAY EATERS

**THE
WHOLE
NERVOUS
SYSTEM)**

Woman's

TURNING OUT

In the season when
Green again and
Back my thoughts
To my summers
One sweet period
Will not leave me
Till the hour of 'te
And the turning

I can see the pasture
Almost smiling at
Of the crooked old
Not to go another
Standing steaming
Listening to the
The many out: "It
Time to stop and

"E'en-thirty, and
Of the mo'w's and
And the cool drink
Dash their shiny
Not a shadow of work
That will't ever
Banish care at level
With the turning:

In my vision, heap
My horizon still,
After dinner, in th
Swapping stories
And besides these
A wife's smile an
Wait me at elevat
With my turning:

Hours of toil, but
Let the days be
But the more I've
The more elegant
Always 'tis the vi
seems to bring t
Like the welcome
And the turning
—Frank H. Chace

KEEPING THE BOYS

The Grange, th
speakers often car
"keeping the boy
farm." It is a sub
thought. Deeper r
tried to solve the p
do not expect to c
of the question th
I believe there is
which tends to mak
more contented at
the home attractive
est and best loved
boys and girls wh
them bring their
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where young peopl
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the family make th
their conversation
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your dignity, faith
makes you younger
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are some people of
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while others seem
never young. Let
have what amuseme
want at home, even
a game of cards or
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may become assoc
you may not wish.

I well remember
boys in the neighb
enjoyed playing
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Do you think thos
the game? By no m
the barn-loft, out
where they could s
Both of them are
with children of th
worse for the gam
in their boyhood.
cate card playing, I
will play them, let
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the farm work, it
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make. Dear mother
notions; and the
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Whenever, as fa
give the boy or girl
own, a lamb, calf,
of the kind, don't
you sell your own,
the lot and take it
have it, use it, keep
their own way. Do
break their young
from them. There
more real than the
and youth. Have
even if their trouble
they will look b
thank you for your
things, be sure an
girls on the farm
drive. The girls en
the boys, are just
a team, and there
enjoy better than
their friends to ri
mothers, there are
the boys and girls
Try them; keep t
you can.

But there is ano
tion. Boys and girl
you leave the old
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fices they have ma
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They have done ma
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Don't ever make th
enjoy their society,
not quite up to wh
yours. I once hear
I have sent my
through college, bu
for I have educat

Woman's Department.

TURNING OUT AT NOON.

In the season when the grass turns green again and days grow warm, back my thoughts are sure to wander to my summer on the farm.

One sweet period, I'm certain, will not leave my memory soon. That summer of '74, when I was just a girl of 'seven-thirty' and the turning out at noon.

I can see the patient horses almost smiling at the sound of the cracked old bell that told us not to go to another round. Standing in the furrow, listening to the joyful tone that said out: "Seven-thirty! Time to stop and take your noon!"

Seven-thirty, and they're thinking of the mow and the granary's store; And the cool drink where the ripples dash their shiny pebbles o'er. That's a shadow of complaining, that we'll work again as soon as the sun shall be at 'seven-thirty'.

With the turning out at noon. In my vision, heap-up platters of hot corn and the granary's store; And besides these common pleasures, a wife's smile and a baby's croon. Wait me at eleven-thirty, wait my turning out at noon.

Hours of toil, brief moments resting, long the days have often been; But the more I've polished o'er it, the more clearly I have seen. Always 'tis the well-earned pleasure, to see the reddest blood, like the welcome 'seven-thirty'.

And the turning out at noon. —Frank M. Chaffin, in Chicago Record.

KEEPING THE BOYS AND GIRLS ON THE FARM.

The Grange, the press, and public speakers often canvass the subject of "keeping the boys and girls on the farm." It is a subject worthy of much thought. Deeper minds than mine have tried to solve the problem; and while I do not expect to come nearer a solution of the question than others have done, I believe there is much to be done which tends to make the boys and girls more contented at home. First, make the home attractive; make it the dearest and best loved place on earth to the boys and girls whose home it is. Let them bring their young companions; make them welcome. There is nowhere where young people like so well to congregate as where the older members of the family make them welcome, join in their conversation, enjoy a joke, and laugh with them. It does not lower your dignity, fathers and mothers; it makes you younger; it keeps your own youth fresh in mind; keeps you from growing old before your time. There are some people of such a kindly, cheerful disposition that they never seem old, while others seem as though they were never young. Let the boys and girls have what amusements and games they want at home, even if they want to play a game of cards or euchre, of which you do not fully approve. Better let them play it under your own roof, for if they cannot play there they will elsewhere, and perhaps from that one starting point may become associated with company you may not wish.

I well remember, when a girl of two boys in the neighborhood who dearly enjoyed playing euchre. Their folks did not allow them to do it at home. Do you think those boys desired from the game? By no means; they played in the barn-loft, out-houses, anywhere where they could steal away for a game. Both of them are respected men now, with children of their own, and none the worse for the games of euchre played in their boyhood. While I do not advocate card playing, I do say that if the boys will play them, let them do it at home. Their card playing days won't last always. Give the boys and girls privileges at home. Let the boys help plan the farm work; it will give them an interest in it. Don't overlook all the suggestions they may make, as though their ideas were of no account. Let them try them. And the girls, let them make plans, and arrange things in the house according to their notions. Don't snub them because they want to change the furniture from the way you have it. If they come from boarding school with high-flown ideas of things, let them try them; they will soon come down to practical common sense. I have not forgotten the home-coming from school myself, and, among other things, the wonderful custard pie I thought I could make. Dear mother, let me try all my notions; and the pie—well, I don't make them by that receipt now.

Whenever, as is often the case, you give the boy or girl some pet for their own, a lamb, calf, chickens or anything of the kind, don't forget it; and when you sell your own, lump their pet in with the lot and take the money. Let them have it, use it, keep it or dispose of it in their own way. Don't chill and nearly break their young hearts by taking it from them. There is no sorrow in life more real than the troubles of childhood and youth. Have sympathy with them even if their troubles seem small to you; they will look back in after life and thank you for your pity. Among other things, be sure and give the boys and girls on the farm the use of a team to drive. The girls enjoy it just as well as the boys, are just as capable to manage a team, and there is nothing young folks enjoy better than driving and taking their friends to ride. Oh, fathers and mothers, there are lots of ways to make the boys and girls contented on the farm. Try them; keep them with you while you can.

But there is another side to this question. Boys and girls, think twice before you leave the old farm—and the dear father and mother—who have done and are doing so much for you. Perhaps you do not realize the efforts and sacrifices they have made to give you advantages they never enjoyed. They are growing old; they need your strong, youthful arm on which to lean, and your cheerful words to give them courage. They have done many a hard day's work to give you comfort. They have loved and cared for you since you were an infant. You can't do too much for them. Don't ever make them feel that you don't enjoy their society, that their ideas are not quite up to what education has made yours. I once heard a man say: "Yes, I have sent my boys to school and through college, but most with I hadn't for I have educated them right away

from myself. One is a doctor in the West, the other in business in New York, and here are mother and I all alone—growing old."

Oh, boys and girls, love and care for the folks at home. Don't, by leaving them, give yourselves a chance for the deep and lasting regret when you stand by their open casket and look at them for the last time on earth, of knowing that you have left undone things which would have added to their comfort. You won't have them long; do for them all you can. AUNT TOBBY.

Richmond.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"There is nothing," said Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, a few evenings before she left to attend the council meetings in Washington, "which I like so much as the phrase 'woman's sphere,' when applied to intellectual women by the average man, but I cannot understand why he does not endeavor to protect that sphere. Thirty years ago, thousands of poor women made a good living by 'day's washing.' It is a very humble work and requires but little intelligence. Yet today we find the business monopolized by men. They have even organized a national association of American laundresses, not male washer-women, mark you, and glory in their success at driving women out of the field.

"Dressmakers and seamstresses were formerly all women, but now a man does the sewing in a filthy tenement, a man takes your measure and a man sells wear and underware to you across the counter. To cap the climax, if you want to be stylish you must patronize some man tailor. In fashionable society not a pretty maid, but a coarse, ignorant man opens the door to you and serves you at dinner. In the kitchen a masculine chief replaces the good old woman cook. Men make mittens, socks and comforters on the knitting machine, and have driven the old lady and her needles out of the market. In flats and apartments the male janitor brings up your coal and wood, scrubs your halls and windows, feeds the dog, and does two-thirds of the menial work.

"Everywhere men are usurping the place of the waitress, the chambermaid, the scrub woman, the shop girl, the dairymaid, the governess, the music teacher, the singing teacher, the ladies' hairdresser, the dishwasher, the presser maker, and the baker of home-made bread. It really requires a magnifying glass to find a part of woman's sphere which is not occupied by a lot of superior male beings. The average man is certainly a coward, as well as a simpleton, to glibly desert upon our sphere and deprecate our leaving it for a second, while at the same time he calmly permits it to be parcelled out and appropriated by his own sex."

SAFETY VALVES.

Mothers will be interested in a recent utterance of Dr. Felix Oswald concerning the relation in children of play and rest. "For city children," he says, "the rough-and-tumble play is the main thing; it will strengthen their limbs, lungs and livers, and prevent more ailments than all the pills in the list of patent medicines."

In addition, it will keep the youngsters quiet in their places where they are apt to be restless—the parlor and school. School teachers have noticed that the country boy is more quiet in the classroom than his city brother, and argue that it is because he has had all the exercise he needs, and is content to sit still. "After an hour or two of Swedish gymnastics," goes on Dr. Oswald, "combined with wood chopping and play carrying, if you like, the wildest boy will prefer a chair to a flying trapeze, for, if the tonic development of the organism is not grossly neglected, sedentary employments are by no means contrary to nature. In their interval of play, the young of frolicsome animals will sit motionless for hours; even kittens and young monkeys, not to mention cats, have their off days, when they won't stir a foot if they can help it."

One of the best safety valves for the stored energy of city children is pillow fighting. All children delight in it, but city children should certainly be permitted it. It is a little hard on the pillows, and they should not be in lace trimmed cases, nor does it pay to hemstitch them for this purpose. Use plain-hemmed muslin and then wink at its short wear and frequent journeys to the laundry. A pillow fight properly conducted, and boys especially need no training for proficiency in the art, brings in play every nerve and muscle in the body and sets the blood tingling from head to heels.

Rough on the Toe.

A lady, grievously tormented with a corn on one of her toes, was advised by a friend to anoint it with phosphorus, which in a weak moment she did, but forgot to tell her husband before retiring at night. It was just struck twelve when the husband awoke, and was startled to see something sparkle at the foot of the bed. He had never heard of a fire in the locality, nor did he ever remember seeing such a terrible-looking object as the too presented. Reaching carefully out of his bed till he found one of his slippers, he raised it high in the air, and brought it down with terrible force upon the mysterious light. A shriek and an avalanche of bed clothes, and all was over. When at last he released himself from the avalanche he discovered his wife groaning in the corner. He had struck the phosphorus too!

Nothing Better.

There is nothing better for removing tea stains, etc., from earthen ware than common cooking soda, applied with a damp cloth.

Flour paste into which a little honey is stirred will stick labels to tin; and spices keep best in tin boxes, which can thus be easily marked.

SISTER X.

The Genuine Merit Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. To have perfect health, you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

GOOD HUSBANDS.

The Old Theory Regarding the Reformed Rake Disproven.

Of all the fine old crusted frauds in the shape of proverbs which have been handed down to us there is perhaps none that has worked more mischief than that respectable old saw which asserts that "a reformed rake makes the best husband." Accordingly, discussing the type of man who is found to most nearly approach the ideal husband, we say at once that we decline altogether to be led by the nose by the author of this notorious piece of claptrap. In praise of rakes, whether reformed or otherwise, we have nothing to say, and we shall assuredly give them no place in the little gallery of individuals whom experience shows run the smoothest in the double harness of matrimony.

As a husband of the good, stay-at-home sort there is none to beat the man with a working boy. The amateur carpenter, the lover, the flower, the budding photographer, the proud proprietor of a lathe and the home artist have each and every one qualities which go far to convert a house into a home. The "lodger husband," whose sojourn under his own roof-tree are strictly limited to meals and bedtime, is not a satisfactory institution, when judged from the wife's standpoint, and anything which will detain him inside of his front door makes most effectively for domestic happiness.

The man who potters about the house with a hammer and saw, and who perhaps perpetuates atrocities in the way of carpenter work, and executes fearful and wonderful daubs upon the door panels, or who may delight in the creation of zoological curiosities in the freetown, is nearly sure to be a good fellow and a good husband. What if he does mend a chair leg or affix the sofa-caster with the air of a man designing a public building? It keeps him out of mischief and it keeps him out of the street. To those girls who are in the fortunate position of being able to pick and choose we could give no better advice than to marry a man with a hobby.

The lover of books is certainly entitled to take high rank on the list of good husbands. Fix him in his armchair, give him his favorite author, and wild horses won't stir him. If he has a fault, it is that he is somewhat taciturn, and does not find the weather such an absorbing topic of conversation as the wife of his bosom would sometimes like. Still, he finds his paradise at his own fireside, and the pipe he smokes is the pipe of peace.

A protracted course of lodgings is a powerful factor in giving a man proper appreciation of a home of his own. The individual who has been buffeted from pillar to post, and has learned to eat cold mutton three times a week, is a most promising candidate for the roll of husband.

He is not exacting, he is easily pleased, and may be relied upon to take the baby's outfit at two o'clock in the morning without a murmur. He has also learned the priceless lesson of not expecting too much for his money. In fact, take him all together, he makes an admirable third on the list.

Finally, we would commend for marital honors the youth who has been brought up with a large family of brothers and sisters. The ethics of giving and taking, which may be termed the A B C of domestic felicity, have been impressed upon him by his home life. The example of his father and his mother—for it is a noteworthy fact that the parents of a quiverful are exceptionally fortunate in their relations one to another—forms an excellent lesson in unselfishness and self-sacrifice.

We have here given only a few instances of qualifications which, observation shows, are likely to develop a good husband. It is needless to remark that they are and must be of general application only. Good husbands, and, alas! bad ones, will be found both outside and inside the limits we have sketched.—N. Y. Advertiser.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Thick woolen rugs are the only ones to be used in front of a fire, if any should be used there at all. In such rugs, if they are very thick, even a slight flame may be readily kindled, while cotton rugs are very inflammable.

—Egg Salad.—Yolks of twelve hard boiled eggs, removed as for stuffed eggs, one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon of celery seed, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon of made mustard, cayenne or black pepper to taste, three tablespoons of vinegar.—Housekeeper.

—Egg Bread.—This is one of the best of corn breads, and I append the recipe. Half a cupful of bread crumbs soaked in a pint of milk, two eggs, two cupfuls of cornmeal, one tablespoonful of lard or butter, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs light and the soaked bread crumbs to a batter, melt the shortening, stir all together until hard, and bake in shallow tins very quickly.—Good Housekeeping.

—Baked Apples. Peel and core large sour apples, slicing them into a granite or crockery dish, sprinkling by layers with sugar to sweeten, and adding a dust of cinnamon or nutmeg. Pour on half a cupful of seed, half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon of made mustard, cayenne or black pepper to taste, three tablespoons of vinegar.—Housekeeper.

—Drop Cakes.—Beat one cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar to a cream, add three well-beaten eggs and a cup of milk. Sift one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with three cups of flour. Beat all to smooth batter and flavor with spices to the taste, or with lemon or vanilla. Drop with a spoon three inches apart, on a well-buttered baking pan, sprinkle a few currants on top and bake in a hot oven in ten minutes.—Boston Budget.

—Veal Roullets.—Cut some roasted veal in small pieces; heat on the fire with butter, salt and pepper, and the onions; add a little of flour, and cover with good stock. Reduce the sauce as much as possible. Then pour the contents of the stew onto a dish to cool; make a paste with flour, butter and salt; roll it out very thin and place the meat on it in little separated portions; that is to be covered with strips of paste. Cut out each and fry.—Leeds Mercury.

—Bread crumbs crushed to a coarse powder are admirable to clean delicate lamp shades, screens, pillows, fringes, scarfs and panels made of bolting cloth and numerous other articles whose decorative effect is sadly curtailed from the delicacy of their materials and their hitherto difficult cleansing. The spot

to be cleaned must be spread on a flat surface and the crumbs laid on it; then with a soft, clean cloth these are rubbed around and around with even strokes. The crumbs must be frequently renewed, the soiled ones thrown away and a fresh layer put on. When the cleansing operation is over, a light shaking or a brushing with a soft, fine brush removes every vestige of crumb dust, and the result, even in the most fragile and delicate of fabrics, is most satisfactory.

—Spanish Cream Pudding.—Take one-third of a box of gelatine, one quart of milk, four eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Soak the gelatine one hour in milk. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, add to the milk and pour into the chafing dish. Cook twenty minutes, take off and add the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth; after it has cooled a little add the vanilla and salt, and beat five minutes. Pour into a mold and set on the ice.—Farmer's Voice.

—This makes two large cakes. White part: Two and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, whites of eight eggs, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, flavor with extract of lemon. Yellow part: The yolks of eight eggs, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Brown part: Take one-half of yellow mixture and two-thirds of a teaspoon of grated chocolate. I steam the chocolate instead of grating it by putting it on a dish over a teakettle of hot water. Red part: Whites of four eggs, one cup of red sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, two small teaspoons baking powder, flavor with extract of vanilla. Take the yolks of four eggs left from red part and make frosting for between layers.—Miss M. J. Brownell, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Common starch moistened with camphor or arnica, and placed immediately on a bruise, will prevent discoloration of the skin. Camphor takes away all soreness, while the starch keeps the parts cool and excludes the air.

—Canning Asparagus.—Select firm even-sized stalks of asparagus, and if necessary wash it. When drained, put it carefully into jars, heads up, packing as closely as possible. Fill the jars with boiling, slightly salted water; steam for half an hour and seal at once.—Prairie Farmer.

—Salmon Outlets.—Cut the cold salmon into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle each slice thickly with bicarbonate of soda, and chop and chop parsley to taste. Fry carefully in hot butter. Serve with anchovy or caper sauce, and sippets of fried bread.—Housekeeper.

—Lemon Ice.—Beat the whites of four eggs; whip in a pound and a half of powdered sugar, beat smooth; add the juice of a lemon and a few drops of lemon extract; beat twenty minutes; put on the cake in large spoonfuls, and smooth with a knife dipped in cold water.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—White Sauce or Angel Cake.—Whites of eleven eggs, beaten stiff; add three gills of granulated sugar, sifted twice; beat lightly, and add one cupful of flour, sifted five times, the last time with one teaspoonful of vanilla or bitter almond, and bake forty minutes in an ungreased tin.—Country Gentleman.

—Walnut Wafers.—Take two gills of brown sugar, two gills of shelled walnuts, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, three even teaspoonfuls of flour and two eggs. Beat the eggs together, add sugar, salt and flour, then the walnut almond, and bake forty minutes in an ungreased tin.—Country Gentleman.

—Baked Omelet.—Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup milk, small piece of butter put into milk and warmed, one tablespoonful flour and a pinch of salt stirred into yolks, add the milk, whites beaten to a stiff froth and well stirred in the last thing. Be sure to have the dish well buttered. Bake from twenty to thirty minutes.—Farm and Home.

—Potato and Egg Salad.—Cold mashed potato and cold boiled eggs are used for this salad. If lettuce is available, place some crisp leaves on the salad dish, upon them lay the mashed potato, cut into balls with a dessert spoon and the eggs cut across the center. Dress with any plain salad dressing, using plenty of it. This should not be prepared until time to serve.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Tomato Soup.—Take one dozen ripe tomatoes, peel, cover with water, put over the fire and stew two hours. Press through a sieve. Put the liquid juice over the fire; put in two onions cut fine, one gill of rice, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper, with your cloves, eight allspice and a piece of thyme tied up in a thin muslin bag. Cook for one hour. Take off, strain through a sieve again and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

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—A Strong Wind. Mr. McSpot—It's the most terrible storm of rain and wind we've a havin' now. O'Fleeharty.

Mrs. O'Fleaharty—Yes, forget the bad wind in Orland. Mr. McSpot, 'twas the wind Uncle Dennis got hurt. We lived fifty miles from his, sir, and the wind blew the red herring's into me father's door till the fure was the color o' black.—National Tribune.

—Bread crumbs crushed to a coarse powder are admirable to clean delicate lamp shades, screens, pillows, fringes, scarfs and panels made of bolting cloth and numerous other articles whose decorative effect is sadly curtailed from the delicacy of their materials and their hitherto difficult cleansing. The spot

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Young Folks' Column.

Dear Friends: I see there is quite a discussion in the Farmer about the boys and girls. For my part I do not think the girls are superior nor the boys inferior. The better way to speak of them is to say there are some boys that are very lazy, and girls ditto. I motion we have a new topic, take "George Washington, the father of his country." We might write compositions. I will send you some sometimes; we have nice times. She is eleven years old. I will sign my name in figures.

1-12-6-18-5-12 2-9-3-11-6-15-18-4. 3-5-4-6-15-18-4, Box 64.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am a little girl of nine. My father has taken the Maine Farmer for 6 years, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. I have two sisters and one brother; their names are May and Carrie, and my brother's name is Russell, and he is a year and a half old. My father has over 200 horses, 60 little chickens, 190 turkeys, 3 cows, 5 calves, and 1 Jersey heifer. I can make beds, sweep, and make bread and pie. I have roses and vines are green, and we have pretty roses in bloom. I go to school, but I have the whooping cough, and have stayed at home a month. My father was in Maine, and my mother was born in California. GRACE E. LYONS.

Pleasant Grove, Cal.

Mr. Editor: I thought I would write a few lines for the Maine Farmer, to the little girls and boys. I am a little girl 10 years old. I go to school now; I study reading, spelling, large arithmetic, large geography and grammar. I will tell you what I have for pets: I have two cats; their names are Stuff and Moozle; and I have a black lamb, his name is Gypsy. I do lots to help mamma about her housework. I wash dishes, make beds, sweep floors, trim lamps, lug in wood, water plants, mend mittens and socks. I have made a silk sofa pillow, worked it with silk. Also I am sewing up a quilt and knitting a rug. I am making an apron now. Respectfully yours, MARIOS HODGES.

I saw a place in the paper about boys. Well, I am a boy myself, but I don't agree with that Inferior Girl's opinion. She says they think they are of more consequence than girls. You wish girls get ready for meeting, when they are a fellow, and see how they go. They get home in time to get a nap before daylight, then their poor mother calls and calls them to get up to breakfast, and then have to keep it waiting until it gets cold, and they will say, "Why didn't you call me?" I would have helped you get breakfast." But when it comes to washing the dishes, "Oh, dear me," and then rub their eyes and stretch. Yes, girls are smart, there's no mistake about that.

AN INFERIOR BOY.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am a girl 11 years of age. I live on a farm of 300 acres. My papa takes the Maine Farmer, and he reads the young folks' column. I have lots of sisters and brothers. For pets I have a cat, and his name is Funny Face. I have a sheep; her name is Becky. I have 30 hens. I can wash dishes, make beds, scrub, sew, knit, and feed the fowls. My papa has 4 horses and 16 head of cattle. My brother has a colt, and her name is Dolly; and a dog, whose name is Gypsy. I will send a riddle: One two brothers are two sisters' sons; Our father is our mother's father—how queer our kindred runs. HELEN E. DODGE.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a little girl sixteen years old, and weigh 130 lbs. I enjoy reading this column very much, and especially the discussion about the boys. Girls, I think we have got the best of them. Where is R. A. G.? he must be sick. I am sorry if he is. I think boys rather brag than work, for they always hang their hats or jackets up on the floor, or in a chair. I have a brother; two of them are at home most of the time, and it keeps me busy picking up after them. If you ask them to get some wood or water, oh, they are so tired they can't, but if they have a chance to go a fishing they are not tired a bit. BELLE.

Dear Girls and Boys: I live on a farm of 300 acres of land. I am 14 years old. I can harrow and pick rocks and plow; and I belong to the Good Templars Lodge. I think that R. A. G. is a little too hard on the girls. I have lots of sisters; I think that I ought to know something about them. I think that I ought to be a pretty good thing, especially when I get hungry. I would like to hear from any of the girls and boys. Perham. WALTER J. DODGE.

Children would be spared many sufferings if their mothers were acquainted with the symptoms of the various disorders which the little ones are subjected to. To furnish information to mothers on this subject is the purpose of an instructive book written by Dr. J. F. True, of Auburn, Me. It is entitled, "Children's Diseases," and should be in the hands of every mother in the land. It is published and sent free by mail to any one asking for it, by Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me., the proprietors of True's Pin Worm Elixir. This old New England remedy has been successfully used for children and adults for forty-four years. It not only expels worms and all parasites from the system, but it also removes the cause of them, so that it is a sure preventive of worms. It is, besides, one of the best specifics known for stomach troubles in children, such as constipation, indigestion, sour stomach, etc., etc.

An amusing tale of a phenologist's mistake is credited to John Burroughs, the author and horticulturist. "Here's a boy," said the professor, in examining the head of the youthful Burroughs, "who will amass great wealth. All his ideas will be of money and money-making. He will be immensely rich, and a power in that line." "The trouble was," says Mr. Burroughs, "that he struck the wrong boy. It's a pity he hadn't gone in the next door and got hold of the boy there, for that boy was Jay Gould. We used to go to school together."

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. C. CHERRY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

The undersigned, having known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him, we have signed our names and seals to this advertisement. West & Tux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

When Beecher died there were many who predicted that Plymouth church would soon dissolve; but the returns show that the church is even stronger than it has ever been.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a simple tonic gives strength; it only stimulates the stomach, and the blood must be purified and enriched, and this can only be done by such a standard alterative as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am a boy eight years old and live on a farm which is situated on the banks of the Saco river. We have five horses; their names are

Tom, Fred, Neo, Jip, Coon and Pettengill, but we call her Pet, for short. My father is a milkman. I have a kitten; his name is Pearley. I have been trying to plant a flower garden, but we have fifteen hens and they scratch up the seeds as fast as I plant them. My uncle says he will bring me up some hen wire from Biddeford the next time he comes up, but I had rather see him do it than hear him tell about it. My cousin Lucy comes to see me sometimes; we have nice times. She is eleven years old. I will sign my name in figures.

1-12-6-18-5-12 2-9-3-11-6-15-18-4. 3-5-4-6-15-18-4, Box 64.

Dear Girls and Boys: I am a little girl of nine. My father has taken the Maine Farmer for 6 years, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. I have two sisters and one brother; their names are May and Carrie, and my brother's name is Russell, and he is a year and a half old. My father has over 200 horses, 60 little chickens, 190 turkeys, 3 cows, 5 calves, and 1 Jersey heifer. I can make beds, sweep, and make bread and pie. I have roses and vines are green, and we have pretty roses in bloom. I go to school, but I have the whooping cough, and have stayed at home a month. My father was in Maine, and my mother was born in California. GRACE E. LYONS.

Pleasant Grove, Cal.

Mr. Editor: I thought I would write a few lines for the Maine Farmer, to the little girls and boys. I am a little girl 10 years old. I go to school now; I study reading, spelling, large arithmetic, large geography and grammar. I will tell you what I have for pets: I have two cats; their names are Stuff and Moozle; and I have a black lamb, his name is Gypsy. I do lots to help mamma about her housework. I wash dishes, make beds, sweep floors, trim lamps, lug in wood, water plants, mend mittens and socks. I have made a silk sofa pillow, worked it with silk. Also I am sewing up a quilt and knitting a rug. I am making an apron now. Respectfully yours, MARIOS HODGES.

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Dear Girls and Boys: I live on a farm of 300 acres

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

TERMS.

\$1.50 in advance; or \$2.00 if not paid
within one year of date of
subscription.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, will call upon
our subscribers in Waldo county during May
and June.

Our Agent Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Washington
county.

Owing to the refusal of the Dominion
government to give financial aid, it has
been decided to postpone the holding of
the proposed World's Fair in Montreal
till 1897 or 1898.

The educational department of the
State has compiled and is now sending
out copies of a pamphlet, a synopsis of
the new school laws of 1895 with explana-
tions and comments. It is a useful
pamphlet and can be had on application
to the Superintendent of Schools at the
State House.

Prof. Biles, the British naval expert
visiting this country on his way to Japan,
called at the Navy Department, Wednes-
day, where he spoke enthusiastically of
the Ammen ram which he saw tested at
Bath, last week. He thought the vessel
would make the contract speed of 17
knots after her propellers were altered.

Upon the occasion of the annual field
day of the Patrons of Husbandry at the
Maine State College, June 5th, a train
will leave Bangor for Orono immediately
after the arrival of the 9.12 A. M. west-
ern train. This arrangement will prove
an accommodation to many who will at-
tend the exercises of that occasion.

The operative managers are saying that
Mr. Walter Damrosch is at least \$100,000
better off than he was when he began
his season of German opera. A young
director who has made \$100,000 in a sin-
gle season with the Wagner opera, has,
as the French say, arrived. Damrosch is
no longer an experimental influence, but
a capitalist.

When a ship is launched in this coun-
try, a bottle of wine is broken upon her
prow. They have a prettier as well as a
more significant custom in Japan, where
a cage of different kinds of birds is pro-
vided, and as the ship begins to move,
the birds are liberated, flying to all parts
of the compass, and typifying the nature
of commerce far better than a bottle of
wine.

There is a great feeling of indignation
in Stamford, Conn., towards Henry J.
Blackman, the milkman who caused the
typhoid fever epidemic there. In his
pulpit, Rev. Dr. Vail of the Presbyterian
church denounced Blackman severely.
He said that a man who, from villainous
greed, watered his supply of milk from a
foal well, deserved being burned in oil or
carried out of town in a garment com-
posed of feathers and tar. Feeling
against the milkman is intense.

Dr. Parkhurst, editor of the *Zion's
Herald*, the leading Methodist news-
paper, ought to be especially proud of
the last number of his paper,
which is a Memorial issue, a
special feature being memorial tributes
to soldiers of the late war by various
distinguished people, including Mrs. Mary
A. Livermore, ex-Governor Claflin of
Massachusetts, Gov. Woodbury of Ver-
mont, Gen. Neal Dow, Chaplain McCabe
of New York City, and Rev. G. R. Palmer
of Saco, Me. It is a number of great
value, and will be preserved in the house-
holds of the people.

Lawyer Joseph H. Choate, born in Sa-
lem, Mass., and an adopted son of New
York City, not only partakes of the
brilliance as an advocate, which distin-
guished his famous uncle, Rufus Choate,
but is full of wit and overflowing with
galantry. He and his wife were recent-
ly seated at the same public banquet
table, when Mr. Choate was asked who
he would prefer to be, if he couldn't be
himself. Hesitating only a moment, he
glanced at his wife's face, and replied:
"If I couldn't be myself, I would like to
be Mrs. Choate's second husband!"
How's that for a marital compliment?
Could a better one be paid to any wife?

Hon. S. N. Campbell of Cherryfield,
Hon. Albion Little of Portland, Hon.
S. M. Bird of Rockland, and Dr. B. T.
Sanborn of Augusta, the first three be-
ing the commission to assume charge of
the building of the new insane hospital
at Bangor, have gone to visit hospitals
throughout New England, New York and
Pennsylvania, for the purpose of collect-
ing data, which may aid in the construc-
tion of the hospital at Maine's Queen
City, Bangor. Dr. Sanborn has visited
many of the hospitals which the commis-
sion will take in on this tour, and on his
different trips has become acquainted
with many well known and prominent
men who can furnish much valuable in-
formation on the matter relative to build-
ings for the insane.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton seems
very much in earnest in her movement
for a Woman's Bible, which, reduced to
lowest terms, appears to be nothing but
an undisguised effort to make the Scrip-
tures a text book of the woman's rights
question. The aim is to revise, expur-
gate or interpolate as occasion warrants
that all implications of woman's inferior-
ity may be done away with. Beginning
with Eve, the editors are to re-write the
Holy Book from a nineteenth century
Susan B. Anthony standpoint. It would
be well for these revisers not to forget
that it is the men's bible which has made
the new woman possible, and that it is
in the nations where its influence is most
potent that women are given the best
chance.

IN MEMORIAM.

As return the birds and flowers of
spring, so returns the day set apart to
honor the memory of our heroic dead.
This anniversary is sacred to the memory
of those who fell at the noblest place
where man can fall, in the faithful dis-
charge of a sublime duty. We deck
with evergreens and flowers the graves
of those who fought to preserve the
Union. It is a beautiful and suggestive
custom, and one that will never cease to
be observed. When the old veteran
who now performs this service at a com-
rade's grave shall pass on to his last
account, the work shall be taken up and
carried forward by his children and his
children's children, to the latest genera-
tion. Far back into past centuries,
among all nations and all peoples, we
will find true reverence for lofty deeds
and unselfish patriotism universally dis-
played. It is not only the dead that are
honored by these observances, but the
living as well; for that people must be
base indeed whose heart does not throb
with kingly emotion at the recital of
brave deeds and noble enterprises. The
soldiers of the Union, who went down
amid the smoke and carnage of battle,
yielded up their lives in hospitals, in
dreary and loathsome prison pens, or in
the quietude of their own peaceful
homes, are entitled to all the gratitude
which a nation can bestow. The pages
of history, song or story exhibit no more
dauntless valor or more sublime devo-
tion to duty than was displayed by those
whom we this day honor by memorial
services. They gave their lives for their
country, they made the Union of these
States a settled fact, they wiped out the
vile blot of human slavery; and their
country should honor them, not only by
public demonstrations, but they should
be enshrined in our hearts and held in
perpetual remembrance. We cannot do
too much to show our appreciation of
their self-sacrificing devotion, their utter
abnegation of self, their fearless dis-
regard of consequences, and their
sublime faith in the justice of the cause
in which they were engaged. Instead of
running the plowshare through our
cemetaries, we should strive in every
way and by all means to keep alive the
recollection of the deeds of our fallen
soldiers, to emulate their virtues, and to
hold up to future generations the
glorious example they have bequeathed to
us. Marble and bronze will crumble
into dust, the little mounds that now
rise will be made smooth by the foot-
prints of time; but so long as virtue and
patriotism exist in the world, their
memories will ever remain fresh and
green in the hearts of a grateful people.

The thirtieth of May has become the
Sabbath of the year. Dead is the heart
that does not kinde to patriotism by its
return. The day at each returning
springtime has grown in its meaning.
On this day not only will the graves of
the soldiers in our cemetaries be made
beautiful with flowers, but the hands
that scatter them will be prompted by
loving hearts. The living will go with
their flowers, the dead will return with
remembrance. We are stronger and
better as a Nation for this loving and
hallowed service.

Ambrose C. Flint, Esq., one of the
most highly respected citizens of Bangor,
died on Wednesday, aged 70 years. Mr.
Flint had been ill a long time and his
death was due to a general breaking up
of the system. Mr. Flint was for many
years the trusted, faithful and accom-
plished Register of Probate of Penobscot
county. He had previously served as
County Treasurer. In all of his positions
of trust his duties were performed with
signal ability and great faithfulness, and
all with whom he had business dealings
fully recognized his many excellent qual-
ities. He was possessed of sterling in-
tegrity and a kindly disposition which
caused him to be held in high esteem.
He was one of Bangor's best citizens.

We have received the annual cat-
alogue issued by the Deering Harvester
Company of Chicago, entitled "Around
the World as a Harvester." It is cer-
tainly superior to the ordinary imple-
ment catalogue, both in its contents and
typography. The roller and ball-bearing
feature of their mowing machines has
proved to be a phenomenal success in
the three years in which the Company
has used them, and soon farmers will de-
mand similar bearings in all agricultural
machinery running on wheels and drawn
by horses.

Commander-in-Chief Lawyer, of the G.
A. R. says: "I can safely say that there
will be no Grand Army posts at the ded-
ication of the Confederate monument in
Chicago, Memorial Day. I have not
carried to rush into such matters, but I
am on the side of the Grand Army on
this question and although there is no
objection on my part to the ex-Con-
federate soldiers erecting such a monu-
ment, I can tell you that no G. A. R.
posts will participate in the dedication
ceremonies."

Great interest is already manifest in
the annual session of the high court of
Maine Foresters, which will be held in
Bangor, June 24, and a large number will
be present from all over the State. Su-
preme Chief Ranger Oronhyetka of
Toronto will be present and will give
the high court the benefit of his great
experience in deciding the many ques-
tions to come before it. There are now
30 courts in Maine in good standing, and
there promises to be more before the
high court's session.

Rev. William H. Washburne, located
at Auburn, died suddenly, Thursday
morning, of heart disease at his summer
home in Rockport. He had built the
beautiful stone church on Bates street,
and labored with it many years. Mr.
Washburne was a zealous, active Chris-
tian minister, a gentleman of rare good
taste and breeding, refined, gentle,
genial, pure minded and generous. His
age was 70 years.

Fashion is responsible for the big Ver-
mont fire, where the loss was half a mil-
lion dollars. A St. Albans woman was
heating her curling iron over a lamp, and
the lamp kicked. The papers do not say
whether the woman finished curling her
hair that night.

THE GARDNER AT GARDINER.

The gun clubshoot, under the auspices
of the Gardner club, at its range on Iron
Mine hill, Wednesday, proved a very
successful affair, and was largely atten-
ded. The team shoot scores were as fol-
lows: Richmond, first team, 102, and
they took first money, \$18, and a silver
cup; Richmond, second team, 89, second
money, \$12; Gardner, 83; Bath, 82;
Portland, 81; Waterville, 79. Dr. Rowe
of Richmond made the best individual
score, 24 out of a possible 25. Mr. Dexter
Libby of Gardner won the Maine
Outing cup.

The center of attraction on the fourth
day (Thursday) was the baby show, the
largest ever held in New England, with-
out a doubt, one hundred and forty
babies having entered for a prize. The
weather was pleasant on the outside,
but there was quite a squall within.
They were a truly lovely set of babies
—these sweet darlings of the Kennebec
valley, and as the crowds surged back
and forth you could hear such expres-
sions as these from the admiring throng:
"Oh, the sweetest things I ever saw!"
"I would like to hug them all!" "What a
head of hair for seven months old!"
"Oh, ain't she a beauty?" "Too cute to
live!" "O, you old splendid!" "Those
heavenly twins!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!"
Four thousand people were present.
So dense was the throng that at one time
it became necessary to tie a rope across
the entrance to the hall and place a
policeman there to help the new comers
see the advisability of waiting until
some of the ladies could get in. The
band played exquisitely, but who cared
for the music of the band? It was the
music of young humanity the people
came to hear. The prizes were as fol-
lows: 1st prize, to the best looking baby,
a handsome baby carriage; 2d prize, to
the largest baby, a silver cup; 3d prize,
to the smallest baby, silver cup; 4th prize,
to the best pair of twins, each twin to
receive a fine doll. The judges, who
had a most difficult task to perform,
were Rev. S. S. Cummings of Bangor,
Mr. J. H. Henley of Brunswick, and Dr.
B. D. Ridlon of Togus. They awarded
the prizes as follows: Handsomest, The-
ma Lord, Randolph, with honorable
mention under the same head, of Albert
D. Norton, and of Mrs. M. J. M. M.
Frances Lawrence, Caroline Bates and
Hazel N. Hildener. Largest, Eugene
Sewall Collins, 38 lbs. Smallest, Chester
A. Keene, 6 1/2 lbs. Best pair of twins,
Henry L. and Helen M. Smith of Augusta.
Lena Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Louise Robinson, handsome, cutest and
cuttingest colored babies in Maine.
The decision was announced, and the
most stupendous Baby Show ever held
in Maine was of the past.

Friday was "Picnic Day," and this
was but a repetition of the successes of
the week. There was a grand parade in
the forenoon with music by Reeves Band
and drum corps. There were all the
local companies and companies from
abroad. A good time was had by all.
Firemen, and in the afternoon occurred
the trials of engines, horse races, etc. The
prizes were as follows: Engine contest,
\$20; horse race, \$25; foot race, \$10. The
sport began with a trial of the hand tubs.
There were two entries, Hecla of Ran-
dolph and Tiger of Hallowell. Hecla
won, playing 102 feet, 4 inches; Tiger,
183 feet, 10 inches. The horse race, con-
ditions, 400 feet run to hydrant to car-
riage road, lay 100 feet of horse manure
on the track. There were two entries, the
Volunteers and the Independents of Au-
gusta; the Independents won in 50 sec-
onds. The 100-yard dash was won by
L. W. Langmaid of Gardner, in 10 3/4.
A feature of the parade was the band
led by 103 years old H. E. Barnes of
Boston. In the evening the firemen
attended a concert at the Coliseum, es-
pecially prepared for them by Reeves
Band, following which was a grand ball.
The Carnival was a grand success.
Saturday evening, the affair was
a financial success, the gross receipts
being about \$6,500, thus ensuring the
realization of some \$3000 towards the
purchase and fitting up of the Coliseum.

Maine's Jewels.

The Pine Tree State Club held its 10th
annual dinner at Hotel Brunswick, in
Boston, Thursday evening. At the busi-
ness meeting these officers were elected:
President, Dana Estes; Vice Presidents,
Prentiss Cummings, Daniel C. Robinson,
James G. White; Treasurer, Samuel K.
Hamilton; Secretary, Wm. F. Fair; As-
sistant Secretary, Francis H. Little; Re-
ctors, Thomas Babson, Geo. H. Quincy,
A. S. Drisco, J. F. Holt, Wm. L. Lowell,
Ivory H. Pope, Thomas L. O'Brien.
James Otis, an authority on American
gems, made an address, and he said:
"There is no State in the Union so rich
in precious gems as Maine. With the
exception of the diamond and emer-
ald, every precious stone can be found
within her borders. She is rich in one
as well as in topaz, garnet, amethyst,
pearls and rubies, and her tourmalines
are world famous. Eight years ago,
Austria paid \$22,000 for a tourmaline
found at Mt. Mica, near Paris, Me., and
today it is worth \$100,000. Last year, Tiffan
paid \$100 for another gem in the rough
taken also from Mt. Mica." A case of
gems was exhibited by the speaker, hav-
ing been found by him in Maine. Mr.
Otis went on to say that Hannibal Ham-
lin was the discoverer of the precious
stones in Maine. Dana Estes wears
choice tourmalines, the gift of Mr. Otis.
The artists and newspaper women who
were present at the dinner were each
presented with exquisite jewelry. Mr.
Otis believes Maine will yet be found
rich in diamonds as the fields of
Africa.

After many words of good cheer and
welcome by the president, Mr. Otis pre-
sented Miss Ernestine Withersell of Mon-
mouth, Me., now a promising student at
Emerson College of oratory. It was Miss
Withersell's debut, and her humorous
recitation of a Sister's Scheme, and
"How Glad I Was to Bring a Sister to
College," was a bright young reader
whose future indicates great success.
En-passant it may be said the talent were
all from Maine. Next to be heard from
was Miss Maud Nicholson, a violin solo,
Miss Sibbie followed with
violin selections, and Miss Towle who
has the honor of being born in the same
house and room as America's great poet,
Longfellow, displayed vocal powers in
"Loveliest of the Spring," and "My
Queen," being accompanied by Sig. Ol-
ivera. The evening was delightfully in-
formal and enjoyed by a large company.

John Perley, Esq., of Unity, died at his
home in that town, May 20th, at the age
of 84 years. Mr. Perley was one of the
best known educators of that section of
the State, and was for many years a
teacher in Kent's Hill Seminary. He has
taught writing schools in various places,
and was an expert penman, in which
branch he was one of the best of teachers.
He was twice married, and his second
wife died in 1880. He leaves one son, John
Roscoe Perley, and three daughters, Mrs.
Esther M. Clark, Miss Eliza J. Perley,
and Mrs. Nellie Clark, all of Unity. He
was a life-long and consistent member of
the Baptist church, and an ardent work-
er in the Grange. Mr. Perley was for
many years correspondent of the *Maine
Farmer*, and his efforts in that direction
were highly prized.

The Germania Band of New York has
been secured for Ivy Day at Bowdoin Col-
lege. The Salem Cadet Band will fur-
nish music for commencement, as usual.

Death of the Secretary of State.

Hon. Walter G. Gresham, Secretary of
State in the Cabinet of President Cleve-
land, died Tuesday morning, at about 1
o'clock. The Secretary had been ill for
nearly a month, but he was thought to
be recovering from his illness, and the
sudden relapse was a surprise to his
physicians.

Monday evening there were present at
the bedside of the prostrate man, Mrs.
Gresham, his son-in-law, Mr. Andrews
and Mrs. Andrews, his daughter.
Throughout the day, the sick chamber
was carefully guarded from all intrusion,
stringent orders to the hotel attaches be-
ing on no account to let the family be
annoyed by the presentation of cards or
queries of any kind from visitors.

Mrs. Gresham has scarcely left her
bedside since his illness began. She
has been plucky and courageous,
and has been hopeful until Monday
that the Secretary's life would be
spared. The Secretary, who had been
conscious during his entire illness, seems
to have been more concerned for his
wife than for himself. He realized Mon-
day afternoon that the end was approach-
ing, and his constant suggestion made in
feeble whispers to his daughter was,
"Look out for your mother, give her all
your attention, don't worry about me."

His death was caused by the develop-
ment of acute pneumonia and failure of
the heart to do its full duty. The sud-
den death causes great sadness in Wash-
ington and throughout the country.
The President expressed his exceeding
anxiety concerning the Secretary for
several days.

Secretary Gresham was born near
Lanesville, Harrison county, Ind., March
17, 1832. After receiving his education
he became at once a successful lawyer.
He resigned from the legislature of his
native State in 1860 to become Lieuten-
ant-Colonel of the 38th Indiana regiment.
He did gallant service, and was brevetted
Major-General of volunteers. He re-
ceived a severe wound in the fighting
about Atlanta, from the effects of which
he never fully recovered. After the war
he was made U. S. judge for the district
of Indiana by President Grant. He re-
signed the judgeship in 1882 to become
postmaster-general in President Arthur's
cabinet, and on the death of Secretary
Folger was transferred to the treasury
portfolio. In October of 1884 he was
appointed U. S. judge for the seventh
judicial circuit. Judge Gresham had
been a candidate for several political
offices, as well as an aspirant for the
Presidency. He finally renounced his
allegiance to that party, and when
Mr. Cleveland made up his cabinet for
his second administration, he selected
Mr. Gresham for Secretary of State.

The President on Tuesday issued the
following proclamation:
Walter G. Gresham, Secretary of State
of the United States, died on Tuesday
morning, May 21, 1895, at about 1
o'clock. In making this distressing announce-
ment to his fellow countrymen, speaks from the depth of
his sorrow, and he trusts that they will
have lost a pure and able public servant,
a wise and patriotic guardian of our
rights and interests, and a devoted and
capable and generous and lovable man. As a
diplomatist, he was of the highest order,
and in the diplomatic representatives of the
United States in all foreign countries to dis-
play at half mast for ten days, and that for
the period of the flag of the United States
be flown at half mast for ten days, and that
all public buildings throughout the
United States and all naval stations and all
departments in the city of Washington be
displayed at half mast. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Death of Hugh McCulloch.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Ex-Secretary of
the Treasury, died in Washington, Fri-
day morning. The cause of his death
was a general breaking down of the sys-
tem due to extreme age aggravated by
lung trouble. Mr. McCulloch was
born in Kentucky, and he spent his
early years in that State. He was a
lawyer, and he was a member of the
Cabinet of President Grant. He was
Secretary of the Treasury from 1881 to
1885. He entered Bowdoin College in
1824, but left on account of illness in 1826
and taught until 1829, and then studied
law in Kennebec and Boston. In 1833
he went to the west, and settled in Fort
Wayne, Ind.

In 1835 he was elected cashier and
manager of the branch at Fort Wayne of
the State Bank of Indiana, and at the
expiration of its charter in 1856 he be-
came president of the bank of the State
of Indiana, which post he held until
May, 1863. He then resigned to accept
the office of comptroller of the currency,
which was tendered to him by Secretary
Salmon P. Chase, undertaking the orga-
nization of the newly created bureau, and
of putting into operation the national
banking system.

In March, 1865, on the resignation of
William F. Fessenden, Mr. McCulloch
was appointed by President Lincoln as
Secretary of the Treasury, at which time
the government was in great financial
embarrassment. He grappled most suc-
cessfully with great financial problems,
and was a most able financier.
Secretary McCulloch held office till the
4th of March, 1869. From 1871 till 1878
he was engaged in banking in London.
In October, 1884, on the resignation of
Walter G. Gresham, he was again ap-
pointed secretary of the treasury, and
continued in office until the expiration
of President Arthur's term, 4th of March,
1885, being the only man that has held
that office twice.

Since his return he has resided in
Washington, D. C., and on his farm in
Maryland. He wrote many able articles
on the financial question.

The trustees of the State Agricultural
Society will hold a meeting at Exchange
Hotel, Lewiston, Friday, May 31. Sec'y
Twitchell has been in Massachusetts ar-
ranging for some exhibits, new and
novel, but of great interest and attrac-
tions. Of one thing we can assure our
readers, and that is in the line of Maine
industries, exhibits will be seen this year
never before brought out. Features will
be added which cannot be equalled in
any other State. The Maine State Fair
this year will excel in interest and value
any ever held, and in return will merit
an increased attendance.

The annual house cleaning in the Phila-
delphia mint has begun, and a very deli-
cate job it is. The sweepings of all the
rooms and corridors are gathered up
from day to day while the cleaning is
going on, and they assay between \$20,000
and \$30,000 every year. A sum like that
would reconcile most any one to house-
cleaning.

Steamer Kennebec, Capt. Collins, for
Bath, shortly after leaving Boston,
Wednesday night, collided with the Nor-
wegian bark, Oppir, anchored in the
stream, carrying away the bark's jib-
boom close to the bowsprit. The steam-
er proceeded, apparently uninjured.

The lecture of Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Sun-
day evening in the Union church, Tur-
ner, was an eloquent plea for the un-
churched masses. The church was well
filled by an interested audience. —*Lewiston
Journal.*

"Baby Bedlam," says the editor of the
Both Times, in reporting the baby show
at Gardner. Rather, brother, have it
"Blessed Babies!"

In Enduring Granite.

Probably the finest, most expressive
and costly monument in Forest Grove,
this city, has been erected to the mem-
ory of Mrs. Lizzie G. Hill, wife of Dr.
John F. Hill. It is entirely of the finest
granite. On a huge block rests a closed
book, some five feet long and two feet
wide. It is a perfect book with repre-
sentation of elegant and elaborate bind-
ing. On the back are the words:—
"Vickery—1805—Hill." Standing on
this is another book, opened and paged,
and on the two pages which present
themselves to view are Whittier's im-
mortal lines, distinctly and beautifully
engraved:

"Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just.)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and senses unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

"Meet to-day and part to-morrow,
Smiles of joy and tears of sorrow,
Such is human life.
But in gentle resignation,
And in sweet anticipation
Of a higher, holier state,
We endure the strife."

On the polished and decorated front
cover of the book is this inscription:

Lizzie Greene Vickery,
wife of
John F. Hill,
June 3, 1857,
April 10, 1893.
Only child of
Pelce O. and Ellen E. Vickery.

The monument is about seven feet in
height. The entire design is very ex-
pressive, the closed book symbolizing
the close of life which is memo-
rialized, and the opened book, with its
words of hope and comfort, pointing to
the eternal life beyond the skies.

Diseases to be Reported.

In a circular addressed to the local
boards of health of the State, by Dr.
A. G. Young, Secretary of the State
Board, the Secretary calls their attention
to the amendments, or changes in the
law. Section 2 of Chapter 139, laws of
1895, makes cerebro-spinal meningitis,
measles, membranous croup, whooping
cough and pulmonary tuberculosis—or
consumption, notifiable diseases. The
notification of pulmonary tuberculosis is
required, that there may be an assurance
that the patient and his attendant or
associates understand that, with care-
lessness, there is danger of infection,
and that with intelligent care, there is
practically none. Where a parent or
householder has reason to know that
any inmate of the house is suffering
from tuberculosis, or consumption, they
should report the case at once to the
health authorities of the city or town.
This form should be filled out:

Name.
Name of father or head of household.
Residence.
Town or city.
Street and No.
P. O. address.
Has the patient or family been supplied
with circular No. 4 on the Prevention of
Consumption?

"Only when the patient is a minor."
"If other than name of town."

Householders and physicians are re-
quired by law to report cases of the
following diseases at the local board of
health: Diphtheria or membranous
croup, scarlet fever, typhoid fever,
measles, whooping cough, cerebro-spinal
meningitis, small pox, cholera, typhus
fever, pulmonary tuberculosis, or con-
sumption.

Failure to report such cases makes the
parent or householder liable to a fine of
\$50.

Ministers' Association.

Several ministers from different parts
of the State met at Augusta, Thursday,
and organized the Ministers' Association
of Maine, with officers-elect as follows:
President, Rev. J. S. Williamson of Au-
gusta; vice president, Rev. C. E. Perkins
of Portland; secretary, Rev. Mr. Clark
of Gardner; executive committee, Rev.
J. M. Wyman, Rev. C. A. Hayden, Rev.
E. C. Hayes and Rev. C. S. Cummings,
all of Augusta.

The ministers met Thursday at the
Congregational chapel and transacted
business. At noon a splendid dinner
was served in the chapel, which was
greatly enjoyed by the pastors and others
present.

Three very able and exceedingly in-
teresting papers were presented, one by
President Hyde of Bowdoin on "The
Foundation of Belief," which held the
closest attention of every listener. Rev.
Dr. Stackpole of Auburn, had a finely
prepared paper on "The False and True
Method of Missionary Work," and Rev.
C. E. Perkins of Portland, had an equally
valuable and instructive one on "The Re-
lation of the Church to the Community."

The plan is for the society to meet
about three times a year, probably at Au-
gusta. The purposes of the organization
are to bring together the ministers of
different denominations who are inter-
ested in the psychological, theological and
sociological questions of the present
time.

Low Prices.

With few exceptions the stock offered
at the Blue Ribbon sale, Thursday, at
Cleveland, Ohio, was mediocre, and
brought low prices. Some of the
horses sold for \$50. A well known
stallion from Pittsburgh was given away
for \$25. Prominent horsemen at the
sale express the opinion that stallions
are useless for sale purposes, or, in fact,
any other purpose now, as there are
nearly 35,000 well bred studs in the
country. Fifty-three head sold during
the day brought \$16,500, an average of
\$311. Good road horses sold for the
best prices, while aged trotters with fast
records went for almost nothing.

Legislation looking to the wiping out
of tuberculosis in Massachusetts got a
set back last week, when it was found
that the question of constitutionality
might result in a veto. At the last mo-
ment the bill was recalled from the Gov-
ernor and will be modified. The point
raised is whether the State can lawfully
pay full milk value for an animal com-
pelled by the authorities, or showing
the reaction under the tuberculosis test.
Surely if "full value" is unconstitutional
"one-half" would be, and it looks as
though the poor farmers west between
the devil and the deep sea. Here as
elsewhere, there are straw which seem
to indicate fine distinctions when ques-
tions are reached touching agricultural
matters.

Sir John Pender says that upward of
\$200,000,000 has been sunk in ocean ca-
bles. At present there are eleven cable
lines across the Atlantic, and these alone
have cost \$70,000,000.

CITY NEWS.

"The unfiled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

—Augusta never put on more beautiful
garments.

—The much needed sewer is being
laid on Court street.

—Only three weeks more of school
after this.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
DON'T YOU THINK SO?

BY LIZZIE A. L. TIBBETTS.
Some women complain of their husbands
To all their "particular friends,"
And make themselves out to be martyrs,
Enduring the trials God sends.
They put on a doleful expression,
And then, in a pitiful tone,
Recount all the faults of their husbands,
While thinking they're hiding their own.
Their stories of family troubles
They pour into other folks' ears,
And really appear to find comfort
In other folks' pitying tears.
But wives who complain of their husbands,
And men who complain of their wives,
Who take to themselves the full credit
For all the bright spots in their lives,
Must, surely, forget that their duty
Is ever to try to console.
Each other's short-comings and failures;
Is never their fault to reveal!
Since all wives and husbands are human,
None always do perfectly right;
And little wrongs grow to be great ones,
The more they are brought to the light.

For the Maine Farmer.
DREAMLAND.

BY G. E. L.
In flowery paths, "neath sunny skies,
Where ever and age all beauty lies,
With never a glimpse of hastening cloud,
Not even a trace of the maddening crowd,
Each life of earth, to a plan wed,
And on the dew of dreamland fed,
Comes to these courts, alone, to view
The scenes each day presents to view.
We all pass through these walks each day;
Resolute hues in beauty play
And gems gleam from the every clod;
The homely wrecks of man's device
Glow now with beauty ever nice:
And everything, above, below,
With wondrous beauty ever glow.
Ranney.

Our Story Teller.

A LITTLE GREEN SPOT.

It Was Love's Stronghold in a Society's Woman's Heart.

"Oh, so you have come, Di? So glad. Where is Aunt Jo? Not coming? Haven't seen any of my O. G.'s as yet, but perhaps, of course, that her ear is among them, since she will not patronize my 'teas,' at any cost. Yes, this is Mrs. William Jones-Eaton; have you met her, of course, and—Mrs. Peck, let me introduce my cousin, Miss Ostrom. Mrs. Daly, Mrs. LeStrange, my cousin, Miss Ostrom. Dear me, Di! drawing the girl back again, she completed the introduction of her cousin to the ladies who were receiving with her, 'such a jam and crush! I am tired to death standing here all the afternoon, rattling off these nothings to people I don't care a rap about. But, in affairs of this kind, it's 'do or die, you know, and I am 'doing' to the best of my ability. However,' brightening up at the thought, 'there are lots of really nice people here this afternoon, and that fact in itself is enough to repay me for all my fatigue. Now what do you suppose is that silly Percy's latest eccentricity? He has made me invite David Smith here for my tea this afternoon, and, as a result, he stands over there at this moment, in the doorway, looking the very picture of abject misery. His countenance is as lugubrious as though he were gazing upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, instead of seeing some of New York's nicest people. Dear me, what shall I do with him? Do, for pity's sake, dear, go over and say something pleasant to the poor boy, to make him feel at his ease. I can't understand Percy's object in dragging him into society as he does, for it is painfully evident that he doesn't fit in at all. But for some reason he wants me to be nice to David, poor and insignificant as he is, and to please him I am doing all I—Ah, how-do-you-do, Mrs. Vanderbilt? So glad to see you!"

This released, Diana Ostrom gladly availed herself of the opportunity of leaving the side of her volatile cousin, and made her way as best she could through the crush of handsomely-gowned and bonneted women, to where Percy's protegee was standing, near the doorway leading into the tea room. She had met him a number of times and had been interested in him, for he was educated and clever and unlike the other men of the society. He had arrived in New York from the west about two months previous, and under his friend's patronage was wearily enduring a round of social gaiety in which he had no heart. He had not "taken" well, and Percy secretly acknowledged this to himself, but persevered in his attempts to make a society man of the shy westerner, greatly to the chagrin of that "social struggler," his wife.

"You are speculating, as usual, upon this absurd method of passing one's existence," she said, smilingly, as she stood beside him at last.

He turned with a start at the sound of her voice, and a deep flush spread over his face. His eyes sought hers with an eager gladness in their welcome.

"Yes, and, as usual, you at once read my thoughts, Miss Ostrom," he said, recovering himself. "Why is it? Is it because my countenance is so ingenuously open? Or is it that your powers of perception are so abnormally developed?"

"Oh, of course," she retorted, "now that you have given me the opportunity, I am glad to say that it is all due to the latter," and she glanced archly up into his face; but her glance wavered as she encountered the keen, bright gaze of the gray eyes looking into hers. "You could not expect a woman to lose a possible bit of flattery, could you?"

He smiled gravely. "Some women, no—perhaps. But you—" He paused, and a feeling of embarrassment came over her. The fellow was always so terribly in earnest in these idle moments which they spent together. He had a way of making her feel in earnest, also, despite her efforts to the contrary.

still is an interesting story by the inexorable 'to be continued in our next.' It's a dreadfully bad habit of yours, Mr. Smith. You see how you have managed to rouse my curiosity, now, don't you?" she added, her dark eyes peering at him roguishly.

"You are chaffing me, and do not care to hear what I was about to say to you," he said slowly, and yet eagerly, but with all a westerner's blunt, ness.

"Oh, no," with a soft laugh and surprised upraising of dainty brows, "of course I don't. I have not been fishing and fishing for it in the most barefaced manner for the last ten minutes, have I? It is you who are chaffing me. Anyway," with a charming pout, "I don't believe it's worth all my trouble, after all."

"No," perhaps not; but you shall be the judge. I was about to say that a woman courted as you are must be satiated with compliments, so that one coming from me, at any time, would seem tame, indeed."

And pray, why so? Her voice was grave and sweet; she was looking anywhere but at him.

"Because I am the least of all those who would be most to you."

The earnestness of his words was unmistakable, and she started. Away down in that hidden sanctuary of her soul they echoed softly and sweetly, with the subdued joyousness of ringing bells; but she made no reply, her eyes deeming silence best. Her eyes, straying over the heads intervening between her and that part of the room where Percy was still visible, saw the coming or speeding of the departing guests with undiminished gush and smiles, paused as they rested upon the form of a distinguished-looking man who was at that moment bending over the hand of his hostess in greeting.

There was something blasé about the gentleman, despite his polished manners and the air of high breeding which characterized him, and as she regarded him, an odd shiver of fear and repulsion chilled the girl to the very soul. A shamed blush dyed her cheeks for an instant as she realized that it was to this man—this much-sought-after peer of the English realm—the gossip of her world had allotted her future. She knew from the little confidential air with which Laura whispered "word or two" to him, and from the eager, searching glance with which he immediately scanned the room, that her cousin was at that moment speaking of her. Involuntarily she shrank a little closer to her companion, who saw the action and wondered at it; but the next instant she had recovered herself so gayly and gracefully that he could not but doubt the justice of his eyes.

Just at that moment Percy Ostrom was just approaching them. He was Diana's staunchest friend and admirer, and watched over the welfare of the girl with tireless vigilance. He was a great, blundering, good-hearted fellow, who had realized a fortune in a lucky venture in stocks, and was doing his awkward best to aid his wife in the somewhat shaky foothold she had secured in New York's moneyed circles. His eyes brightened as he caught sight of Diana and her companion, and he shook hands effusively. The world might say what it liked about Diana Ostrom and her heartlessness; but he had known and loved her from a boy, and knew that not all the years of her mother's worldly training had been sufficient to cast a blight upon that spot of living green hidden away in the depths of the girl's hardening heart. Just what his scheme could be in bringing together so frequently two such utterly dissimilar people as David Smith and Diana Ostrom would have been difficult to tell; but the fact remained that he never lost an opportunity of bringing his two favorites into closer intimacy.

"Because I am the least of those who would be most to you," she smiled half sadly as she recalled the words. They had been uttered to her so often during the two years since her entrance into society that they had lost their full significance to her, like a sweet song too often heard. Poor David! It was the same old story—a careless kindness and pity which had sufficed to cast a blight upon that spot of living green hidden away in the depths of the girl's hardening heart. Just what his scheme could be in bringing together so frequently two such utterly dissimilar people as David Smith and Diana Ostrom would have been difficult to tell; but the fact remained that he never lost an opportunity of bringing his two favorites into closer intimacy.

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which chance or stratagem provided. A happy thought struck him, and with seeming bluntness he broke in upon the whispered conversation of the earl, thereby drawing upon himself an icy stare of surprise from that gentleman, between whom and himself the relations were at all times strained.

"A painting," said Diana, brightly. "Of course I will go," and with almost feverish haste, she slipped her hand within the arm her cousin offered.

Turning to the two gentlemen, Percy included them in his invitation, and, upon their acceptance, made his way toward the door, they following him. Taking advantage of a temporary separation from them, Percy whispered, hurriedly:

"Don't, I don't, don't! For the sake of the dear old days when we were happy, unworried children together, don't throw away your womanhood on that worthless scamp."

The girl shrank away from him as though he had struck her.

"Why do you refer to those days, here and now?" she asked, in a low, fierce tone of despair. "It is too late. He has asked me to marry him, and avails my answer. I don't care what becomes of me! There is no truth nor goodness anywhere, and I am tired of trying to keep my heart from hardening. It doesn't pay. A woman with a heart has no place in fashionable society, and that is where my life lines are set. Oh! why can I not kill my heart and be satisfied with what he offers me!"

She had broken off with a sob, and Percy's kind heart was ready to burst in sympathy for her. He pressed her arm reassuringly to his side.

"Hush! be calm, dear. They have come up to us again. If you could only hold out against your mother until I can obtain those confounded letters from abroad to prove his worthlessness to her, I'll be able to save you yet."

"Mamma knows her worthless he is," the girl broke in bitterly, "but his coronet has dazzled her eyes. I doubt if the letters could affect her."

"Courage, Di," and he patted her hand affectionately. "Keep the little spot green awhile longer, and I—"

"Don't speak to me in that tone, Percy," she said, imploringly. "I am all unstrung to-day, and cannot endure it."

"You've had a generous dose of Aunt Jo, I'll bet a hat. Well, we'll say no more about it. Here is the room, and now for the painting. What do you think of that, my lord?"

The four had entered a small room adjoining a larger one, and they now paused before a painting which rested upon an easel. As he spoke Mr. Ostrom drew a piece of cloth, soft velvet when he faced it, and he turned, looking at the faces of his guests.

"What do you think of that, my lord?" he asked, abruptly, to hide that business in his throat.

The girl looked up with a tremulous smile on her lips.

"It is so like him that it hurts me," she said, softly. "How often I have held him in my arms—in—the old days, and felt his little cheek pressed lovingly against mine! Oh, how like him it is, Percy!"

"Yes, Dupuy has done wonders from that photograph. By the way, my lord, apropos of the subject which you and I were discussing the other day, I want to show you some etchings which have in the other room, and which my wife's father values at two thousand dollars apiece. Thus, you see, he linked his arm familiarly through that of the inwardly fuming nobleman, and without more ado led him from the room.

Together again, and—alone! Did either of the two, standing there before that painting, realize it? If so, it was the man who rejoiced at the situation, and the girl was standing contented with the face that had been the dearest thing in the world to her, and she had forgotten all else. Bitter sweet memories of the days, long since dead, when she was a happy, careless girl, with no thought of social triumphs or heartless, envious struggles for supremacy, crowded in upon her brain and filled her heart to overflowing.

Two years before she had used to fall with a tiny splash upon the small gloved hands she had looked before her. They were the first tears anyone had ever seen Diana Ostrom shed; and as the young man caught sight of them he drew his breath sharply.

"Don't do that, Miss Ostrom," he said, huskily, "do not shed a tear, I cannot bear it."

She felt his sympathy, and unconsciously raised her eyes to smile away the effect of her irrepressible grief, but failed. In the soft light of the room his red hair had lost some of its redness, and that passionate light in his eyes had lent a noble dignity to his rugged face and form. She was powerfully attracted by him, and averted her face in some confusion to hide the rising color in her cheeks.

At these signs of her agitation the young fellow's love for her broke all bounds. He caught the gloved hands in his, and kissed them wildly, passionately, while the teardrops had left that tell-tale stain.

"Instantly, until I tell you how I love you!" he cried, hoarsely—and instant in which to live in the madness of my love for you, and then you can send me, scorned, from your presence. No, what folly! there is no measure for my love for you. How could I try to tell you! It is boundless—it stretches from far back in the past, when our souls were first placed in these forms of ours, and will reach all eternity! Oh, Diana, one word, one look, and I will go!"

"What shall I say to you?" she whispered, at last, with a love-light in her eyes. "You foolish boy, do you not know that you have fallen in love with a heartless, ambitious woman of the world?"

"Don't call yourself names, Di," said a voice from the doorway, where Percy stood, alone, too crazy with triumph at the scene within to regard himself as in any way superfluous. "David would never confess our little scheme to you; but I know he'll free me from my present state of mind, so you may as well, why, bless your soul! Di, we've palmed him off as a poor beggar from the west, when he is, in reality, a soft-hearted millionaire, who chose to win the love of my worldly cousin for himself alone, instead of for his millions. I wouldn't have dared to do it, Di, honestly I wouldn't; but I staked

everything on the fact that that little green spot in your heart, my darling, and thank God! I have won."—Eve Erskine Grant, in Demorest's Magazine.

HIRAM GUM, FIDDLER

The Unhappy Ending of His Remarkable Romance.

The last red rays of the evening sun disappeared below the mountains and the gray twilight settled over the valley. The stone mill at the end of the village street ceased its rumbling and the mower, that all day long had been clinking merrily in the meadow behind the store, stood silent in the swaths; the horses that had drawn it were playfully dipping their noses in the cool water of the creek. The birds—the plover, lark and snipe that had whistled daybreak over the fields, the robin and the sparrow that had chirped overhead in the trees—had long since made themselves comfortable for the impending night. The hawks alone remained aloft; high above they soared, mere black spots in the darkening heavens. Then, above the quiet evening, sounded like the "twang" of a mighty harp, the ringing note of his helpmate, who, swinging his dinner pail, trudged away over the bridge. Then he beat the flour out of his cap over the hitching post and lounged up to the store.

Gathered there upon the porch were the School-teacher, the Chronicle Loafer, the G. A. R. man and the Patriarch, an old man with a long white beard, who was seated on the oak bench, leaning forward and resting his chin upon the head of his cane. The miller thrust himself along the door, and propping his back against a pillar, lighted his pipe.

"When it comes ter fiddlin'," the Chronicle Loafer was saying, "they few men kin beat Sam Washin'ton. Why, I've know'd him ter set down at a fiddle ter seven o'clock at night an' fiddle till seven next mornin', and play a different tune every time."

"Did you ever hear of Hiram Gum?" asked the Patriarch.

"Hiram Gum?" cried the G. A. R. man. "Pap used often to speak of him. But he was before my time. Drowned in the canal."

"Wonderful wonderful! I've heard tell of him," the miller said. "I kin remember seein' him once when he was a boy—a little man with long hair an' big eyes an' a withered arm."

"Yes, yes," the old man murmured, beating his stick on the porch, "an' a wonderful fiddler was Hiram Gum. They was few about these parts could handle a bow with that man."

"But Sam Washin'ton's the best fiddler they is," interposed the Loafer, emphatically.

"My dear man," the Patriarch began, "Hiram Gum was more'n an earthly fiddler. He hed charms; he know'd words."

"I don't believe in them charms funder an' they 'feet snakes an' bees."

"But Hiram Gum was more'n an ordinary man. When he set down to the fiddle, across the Junia. That was nigh over sixty years ago, an' I was only fifteen. I remember him well, though. He was a little man, with the miller said, an' hed long black hair an' a red beard that waved all aroun' his neck, an' big black eyes an' white cheeks, that shined as ef they was waxed."

"He was all withered, an' wasn't no like, an' work the long fingers on the fiddle strings. No one ever know'd just how old Hiram was, no more'n they know'd where he come from, fer he never said. No one ever dast ask him more'n once 'bout such things, fer he'd jest look black like, an' giv' in a grin, an' you'd get a glance with them big eyes that you felt all chilly. He was allus a pleasant, cheery kin' of a man aside from that, an' he talked entertainin', fer he'd traveled a heap."

"Hiram settled in a little log house that stood on the south ridge near where Luckenbach's peach orchard is now. He hed a peach tree, an' hed a mouth, fer he couldn't fiddle playin', he made he got from his fiddle playin'. An' sech a fiddler. You uns never seen the beat. Oh, I tell yer when Hiram Gum drewed the bow over thet old interstern of his it was worth a hundred brass band."

"Peter Billings' farm fined Hiram's lot, an' it wasn't long 'fore the little man tuk to strollin' over to see his neighbors. In the evenin' he'd be by the best place 'round, an' he'd shine fer Peter's dotter Susan. First no one ever tho't nothin' of it, for it hardly seemed likely that sech a pretty girl as she would keer much about sech a dried-up little speck as Hiram Gum. Then, besides, for a long time she'd be keepin' company with young John McGulagh, whose father owned 'bout the best place 'round, an' he'd shine fer Peter's dotter Susan. First no one ever tho't nothin' of it, for it hardly seemed likely that sech a pretty girl as she would keer much about sech a dried-up little speck as Hiram Gum. Then, besides, for a long time she'd be keepin' company with young John McGulagh, whose father owned 'bout the best place 'round, an' he'd shine fer Peter's dotter Susan. 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Horse Department.

PERCE'S
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BELLETS

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HEADACHE,
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DYSPEPSIA,
POOR APPETITE,
ALL DERANGEMENTS OF THE
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man who is in the business to stay offers more attractions than the lottery-like experiences of the past. Increase the grade of better stock, and keep the State of Maine in the foreground. The great majority of buyers are men who are willing to pay liberally for what pleases them, and their tastes must govern production.

GOOD ROADS.
The good results following the agitation of the road question is surely bearing fruit, though no legislation has yet been secured in Maine. Evidently the people of the State are getting into line where the greatest good may be secured by legislation, for there is evidence of a determination to do more thorough and systematic work, and also to so expend the sums appropriated that the greatest good may be forthcoming. As one drives through the country, there may be seen the evidence of greater care in opening the ditches, clearing obstructions, as well as laying the road bed in a better manner. Naturally this will insure greater carrying capacity and less friction to man and beast, and thus insure permanent improvements. All educative work is of slow growth, and this road question surely falls within the line. Nothing arouses so quickly as an object lesson, and thus the improved work of this year will be of lasting benefit. To a cash highway tax and a systematic expenditure of the same must our towns be brought, and then a steady advance will be manifest. First let there come an understanding of what may be accomplished by and through the means and agencies now at hand, and then the way will open for the introduction of that line of operations which experience determines best and most enduring.

HORSES HAVE IDEAS.
"Horses are almost as superstitious as men, but, unlike men, they can be reasoned with and made broad minded, liberal, free thinking philosophers. The horse is the noblest animal that walks the earth. He has most of the good traits of the human race, with some of the bad ones."

It was Prof. Bartholomew who spoke in this exalted strain about the horse, says a Chicago daily.

"Take, for instance," said he, "those horses raised on the big ranches in California, where I got my first training. There are a lot of parallel valleys, each of which may be the property of a separate rancher, but the horses have free access among them all. Thus horses of different brands get mixed, and once a year all the ranchers club together and have a gigantic round-up. Several thousand animals of a dozen different brands may be rounded into one herd. The cow-boys ride 'round and 'round them continuously to prevent any breaking away, and thus the whole herd is kept in constant motion. When a creature tries to break out he is pursued and whipped back, till he realizes that his only escape from punishment is in remaining with the herd. All this time cow-boys are riding about in the herd cutting out the different brands. Every maverick is roped and branded with the mark of the older horse it is following. The branding is cruel work, and the horses never forget it."

"They seldom, if ever, see a man about but they associate the idea of the pain with that of a mounted man, and brood over it till it grows stronger and stronger. The sight of a horseman is to them frightful, and they are desperate in their attempts to escape from his presence. The older they grow the stronger is their dread of mounted men, and it is inherited by the colts till it has all the features of a superstition. Still it can be educated out of them."

"Then again they may be individual superstitions. Say, for instance, a horse falls off the cliff and is badly bruised. He may be fearless at any other pass, but he will carefully avoid this particular place where he was injured. One horse may fear one thing and another, another, untamed ranch horses may have different superstitions from those of the real wild animals that have never been disturbed by man. Among these there is a pronounced fear of rattlesnakes and certain wild animals."

"When a youth is a cow-boy, and one of the best round-riders of the West. Like other cow-boys I delighted in a bucking bronco, but I soon learned that the wildest horse can be tamed in an hour so that he will follow his rider about, and let himself be ridden without a struggle. I have tamed hundreds of horses fresh from the prairies, and never failed to make a complete conquest in a short time. I treat horses as intelligent beings, and after a manner ask them if they can do things. Often they refuse, and again they say as plain as if they used words: 'Why, yes, I can do that,' and they do it."

In selecting horses for exhibition I ignore the usual rule, which is that an intelligent horse is broad between the eyes, with a small nose, broad between the ears, and with small ears. Horses are like men. You can't tell by the shape of a man's head whether he is a philosopher or a fool. You will find heads in Congress as awkwardly shaped as in a lunatic asylum, and in the latter place will be seen faces as apparently intelligent as the wisest in Congress."

I train my horses in classes. I take a dozen and ask each to do a certain thing. Some will stare blindly, while others will step up briskly and say: 'Yes, I can do that.' Then I ask them to do something else, and then those who were quickest at first will halt, while those who made no response before are

anxious to do the thing. Thus I soon learn the class of work each is especially fitted for and develop them along their special lines. In this way they are just like men. Now, I have tried numerous ways to make a living outside of horses, but always fail and drift back to my hobby."

"Horses are like men in the amount of courage they can muster up. If I want a horse to do extra long jumps I select a creature that is finely built and has all the physical qualities, but perhaps he is a coward and is afraid to leap. Some little half-developed creature possessed with a dare-devil spirit may outdo him in every respect."

Bartholomew is severe on such alleged horse trainers as do not really train the horse, but simply scare them into submission. Such fakirs give a show that, as a show, is no doubt worth the price of admission, but the horses are ruined, and the moment a fractious horse has passed out of the realm of straps and clubs, he is worse than ever. He fears men more than before, and usually he is ruined for life. Bartholomew, on the other hand, goes about the work in a gentle manner that turns all horses' feelings into affection for man, and, not fearing him, they do his bidding cheerfully. Kindness is the real secret of the wonderful success of the horse magician.

Poultry Department.
Go out into the pens these warm days and see that they are well ventilated and clean.

Move the chicken coops frequently, and be sure of a bountiful supply of fresh grass as well as gravel.

Clean drinking dishes and pure water are preventives of cholera in man or chicken.

The path to success in chicken raising is along the steps of perseverance, and the heights are reached only through devotion to the work.

CASH spells cash, but the letters stand for something of even greater importance to the farm family, viz.: Celery, asparagus, string-beans and hens. What a heap of good living they suggest!

Many think, or seem to think, that success in poultry breeding rests on luck, but brains are at the foundation of all good care and management, else there will be failure.

Grow one-fourth of an acre of vegetables, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, onions, specially for the hens, and it will be the most profitable plot on the farm.

Soft shelled and thin shelled eggs are an evidence of an overfat condition, though the latter may result from a want of carbonate of lime in the food. In fact, very many of the ills of the poultryman may be charged to fat, the outcome of too liberal feeding.

Set apart the first rainy day for whitewashing the poultry houses. Clean out everything inside, and let the lime reach into every crack and crevice. Better health, greater freedom from vermin, and consequently more eggs will be the result.

One of the attractive sights seen about a farmer's home lately, was twenty or more little tent-like coops covered with canvas, arranged in order, while in the centre was a miniature church with a steeple and windows complete, the whole forming a complete chicken colony, every house being occupied by a lively family.

While feeding what the hens require, it will reduce the quantity from the winter ration. If cooked food be given in the morning, let it be more largely of vegetables and less of grain. Feed more oats and lay the corn away entirely until cold weather. Cut down expenses by getting to a business basis in feeding.

As soon as the broods are weaned separate the sexes and confine the males in roomy, comfortable, clean pens, where they may be more liberally fed and fattened for the market. The pullets should have a free range and plain food, such as oats and a very little wheat. Do not allow them to run together after six weeks old. Fit the cockerels for market and sell for broilers, or at least for roasters when they will dress from two and one-half to three pounds fourteen to sixteen weeks old. Here is the line of greatest profit to-day.

Judged by the observation of the past ten days, in different sections of the State, more chicks will be hatched during the next ten days than for the whole season to date. This is money. Thirty days' time have been lost, and, if hot weather comes in June, as it usually does, the per cent. of deaths will surely be increased. More of pleasure and profit, less of money and anxiety would have resulted had this work been done earlier in the season. "Better late than never" may be a good adage, but "never late" is surely a better practice in the hen business.

When bowel disease appears in the flock the first thing to do is to withhold all food, giving nothing for thirty-six hours except a gill of flax seed meal mixed with a pint of ground oats for a dozen hens, which may be given once, at night. The flax seed meal is a cathartic to a certain extent, and in most cases will remove the cause of the difficulty. The object in withholding food is to empty the bowels, as diarrhoea usually results from indigestion. Change the food and give but one meal a day. The

waste of harness and shoe-leather! Vacuum Leather Oil is best. Get a can at a harness- or shoe-store. Get a half-pint for \$1.25 a gallon; book "How to Take Care of Leather," and swab both free; use enough to find out; if you don't like it, take the can back and get the whole of your money.

Sold only in cans, to make sure of fair dealing everywhere—handy cans. Best oil for farm machinery also. If you can't find it, write to VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

The little historic church built by General Andrew Jackson and his wife near the hermitage, Nashville, Tenn., in 1833, has been badly damaged by storm. A tree was blown upon it crushing in the roof, and the interior was badly damaged by water.

A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

flax seed meal is itself a very nourishing food, is wholesome, and may be given three times a week with benefit.

The local markets of Maine are short on dressed poultry at the present time, and naturally the demand is more active. Now is the time to work off the males. The breeding season is practically over, and unless very valuable, and intended for another year's breeding, every male should go to the block, be sacrificed upon the altar of man's selfish ambition. The hens will do better for the next eight months without the companionship of the males, and the feeder be relieved of the expense of carrying so much dead wood in the flocks. Kill off the males and realize from them at once.

How about the broods? As one looks into the door yards all along the roads, it seems as though farmers were getting aroused to the importance of increasing the broods, and that more chickens would be hatched in Maine this year than ever before. Let the number increase, for there will be comfort and profit at the end. But how about these broods? Are they thrifty, free from vermin, strong, rapidly growing chicks? If there are any plaintive calls look sharply for lice. If there are any falling out by the way, have an eye to the same great enemy and get rid of the pests. Is the food given of a nourishing kind and prepared so that it is always fresh and sweet? Are the pens clean and kept so? Is there an abundance of pure water within easy access and plenty of sweet skimmed milk? Are the chicks fed regularly every two hours and nothing left about the pens to sour or be soiled? If these things are attended to then the only danger of loss will come from cats, rats and skunks, and to guard against these, see to it that the broods are gathered at night and securely housed.

TURKEYS.
The experience of 1894, like that of every previous year, confirmed the impression that somehow and for some unaccountable reason, those who are best adapted to the growing of turkeys, and could realize handsomely from the same, have dropped the industry entirely. Considering the time and expense necessary, there is no industry which will yield the large per cent. of profit possible to the farmer through turkey culture. To be sure these dollars are not forthcoming without some little labor or attention, but come they will to him who earns them. It is a sad reflection upon the energy of Maine farmers that so many thousands of dollars go out of the state yearly for Western grown stock, corn feed, overfat, and therefore inferior in quality to the home grown. At prices realized every year there is a possible profit of from one dollar to one dollar and a half per head. The farmers of Maine should grow this year fifty thousand more turkeys than ever, and then the presence of this small number would not be felt in the market. The industry is a good one, and no excuse can be offered for not engaging in it, save that "we have gotten out of the way of growing turkeys." The point we would urge is the importance of getting into the way of scooping in more dollars, and to do this a larger business must be conducted.

ACCORDING TO HIS CREED.
How Li Hung Chang Paid Reverence to His Mother's Memory.

A Chinaman, be he king or coolie, is devoted to his father and mother. When either parent dies, custom ordains that the sons shall resign all honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb and mourn there for a long period.

Our former minister to China, John Russell Young, tells in the Review of Reviews how the Chinese premier, Li Hung Chang, was prevented from punctiliously observing the custom by an imperial decree.

The aged mother of the great Chinese statesman died, and he hurried to celebrate the rites at her grave, accompanied by his brother, the viceroy at Wuchang. Everyone was expecting the premier's resignation, and his enforced retirement from all official positions. His enemies thought that Li had gone finally; his place would be filled by another, and his power become a memory.

Suddenly there came a decree from the throne commanding Li to lay aside mourning and, at the end of three months, resume office. His brother was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverence. The decree was without precedent; but the emperor was sacred and his command supreme. Li Hung Chang returned to Pien's home.

When Mr. Young saw the premier's yacht anchored in the harbor of Chefoo he went on board to pay his respects. The premier looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and forehead had not been shaved, and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy.

"The first man in the empire, noted for his carefulness in raiment and cleanliness of person, appeared as the meanest subject that he might, by privation and penance, do reverence to his mother's memory, according to the creed of his ancestors. A few days later, when Mr. Young met Li at Tientsin, the beggar's mien had vanished, and he was again the well-appointed nobleman."

"The fat's in the fire," indicating that an enterprise has suffered disaster, is found in very old English times. The metaphor is, of course, drawn from the sight, familiar enough, of a hog being roasted on a spit, and the upsetting of the vessel causing the loss of the melted fat. By a figure of speech, fat is supposed to indicate good luck or wealth, and the "fat's in the fire" was synonymous with the failure of a promising enterprise.

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Gibbon read nothing that did not have a bearing on his history, and everything he could find that, even remotely, had reference to his work. He said he had no time for miscellaneous reading.

Muffs were adopted by women after these articles had been invented for the use of doctors, to keep their fingers warm and soft while going from the house of one patient to that of another.

The Moslem women attach such importance to covering the face that when taken by surprise without a veil a woman will often take up her skirt and veil her face with it, leaving the lower limbs bare to the knees.

The average weight of women's clothing in winter is much greater than that which adorns the opposite sex. Worth once said that the weight of a man's winter clothing averaged fifteen pounds; of a woman's eighteen.

The old colonial house at Mantua, King and Queen county, Va., once the residence of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and at present owned by Dr. Gresham, was recently burned to the ground.

The Western Publishing & Advertising company of Winnipeg has leased from the Canadian Pacific railway the advertising privileges of all its stations, offices, telegraph poles, fences and premises generally. This contract covers 7,000 miles of line and 1,100 stations.

A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues. An Irishman, who had been injured by a tumble of this kind, declared that it was not the fall that hurt him, but the sudden stoppage.

The sleeping carriages of the English North-western line are partitioned off into eight separate bedrooms, each containing two brass bedsteads. A corridor runs along the side of the car, from which all the rooms open. In the center of the car is a sitting room for men and one for women, and there are lavatories.

Clovis Hughes celebrated the anniversary of the Commune this year by producing at the Maison du Peuple a dramatic parody in verse on the Crucifixion. The scene represents the three figures on the crosses on Calvary, where the impassioned chief protests against the hardship of his lot in this world and the injustice of his fate in the next.

Among the laws passed by the North Carolina legislature, just adjourned, was one requiring railroads to redeem unused tickets. The usual details are specified, and this, with the law making it a misdemeanor for any person except the agents of railroad companies to deal in railroad tickets, may drive the scalpers out of business in that state.

The Pittsburgh fire department the other morning prevented the Baltimore & Ohio blocking the building of the Monongahela connecting railroad by building a track across the right of way of the latter. The Baltimore & Ohio engaged fifty men to lay the track, and they refused to quit work until ordered by the city officials. A fire stream was then turned on them and they were held at bay until a preliminary injunction was secured and served on the B. & O. officials.

In preparing to handle the world's fair business in 1893 the Pennsylvania company built five hundred cars called excursion cars, and so constructed that after their use for that purpose they could be converted into gondola cars. These cars were equipped with good seats, but not highly upholstered, and many of them were never used. Now the company is selling these seats, which cost ten dollars or more, for two dollars and converting the cars into gondola cars, they being of a very substantial build.

A Good Omen.
Not long ago there was a Frenchman who had a large family, and who was haunted by the idea that when he died there would be no one to look after his children. While thinking of this, one spring day, he noticed two nests in a hedge close by each other. Each contained half-dressed birds, whose parents were lying dead. He went away and, thinking that the young birds must die. What was his surprise, however, a few days after, to see them quite happy and apparently well fed. He stood apart and watched, and presently he saw the parent birds of other nests come to the young birds and feed them. The last noticed the little orphans—a fact which the Frenchman naturally accepted as a good omen with regard to his own little ones.

Unrivalled Skill in Blending Flavor to suit the Taste, is why

Tobacco is so Popular where a Good Chew is desired.

W. W. Whitehouse,
Attorney at Law, Broker and Dealer in Real Estate.
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Worn-Out Lands

quickly restored to fertility by the use of fertilizers containing

A High Per Cent. of Potash.

Full description of how and why in our pamphlets.
They are sent free. It will cost you nothing to read them, and they will save you dollars.
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 33 Nassau Street, New York.

The Road Horse Establishment of New England.

THE IDEAL ROAD HORSE.

IMPORTED French Coach Stallions, Service Fee, \$50.00 to warrant, Gemare, Lo-thaire, Captain.

Size, substance, intelligence, good disposition, and unbounded courage guaranteed. Breed for a quick market. These Colts sell.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
COME AND SEE ME.
ELMWOOD FARM, Lewiston Junction, Maine,
J. S. SANBORN, PROPRIETOR.

Everybody Knows That He Gets Speed,
BUT THOSE PEOPLE WHO SAW
MESSENGER WELKES 2.23

shown at Maine State Fair in 1894, harness, a top buggy without blinkers, martingale, check rein or boots know that at any rate from a walk to a 2.23 clip he is bold, stylish, resolute and attractive horse; they also know that if they raise a colt with his color, size, action, style and good disposition that they can sell it at a profit even in hard times. Then you know where to go.

"MAPLE GROVE FARM."
But if you don't want that kind and desire one of those steady, gaited dairy cutters—one of those tough, iron sided, speedy Electioneers, you can find it in
WARRENER AND ROCKEFELLER.

@17½c.; other, 14@15c.; creamery, 14@15c.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

January last. The weather continued
and La Gasconne moved along
until 9 A. M., Wednesday morn-
ing when a shower of rain and a light

The Markets

on board. At the lightweight two men alongside and assisted La gonne to harbor.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt at New Orleans, La., about 11:30 A. M., and the vibrations seemed to be east to west, and continued from 10 seconds, accompanied by a heavy rolling sound. Residents in the suburbs of the village rushed from their homes in great fright. The shock was felt in other parts of the county, and the heaviest ever known there.

General James B. Swain died at his residence at Sing Sing, N. Y., Monday morning. He leaves a widow and three sons, the youngest of whom is now about 35 years of age. General Swain was a member of the famous old time paper men, contemporary of Horace Greeley, and the Elder Bennett. In 1861 he was a company of cavalry at West

REPORT OF WATERWORTH AND HARRIS ON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Specialty Reported for the Maine LIVE STOCK YARDS, May 18, 1891, AT BRIGHTON.

	Hogs.	Cattle.
J. G. Littlefield,		14
J. M. Philbrook,		10
W. W. Cummings,		12
B. Libby,		9
W. H. Reynolds,		34
Libby Bros.,		39
Cornors Bros.,		2
W. W. Harris,	2	4
Chapman & Co.,	4	16
O. W. Rofe,		11
J. C. Cummings,		9
F. L. Howe,		2
J. D. Hove,		2
J. M. Hove,		22
J. W. Wornwell,	6	13
F. A. Berry,		4
James & Johnson,		46

er village, was chosen colonel of the regiment, and the front of the town was defended by the militia. He distinguished himself on his actions during the Rebellion. In 1865 was appointed Aide de Camp on General Fenton's staff, with the title of Major.

On fire burned for nearly two hours, and during evening, in the two-story part of E. A. T. Atherton Machine Company, near the centre of Pawaug, N. J., doing considerable damage, and resulting in the loss of life. The night watchman, Eben Cook, about 60 years of age, must

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK
WATERWOOD AND BRIGHTON
CATTLE, 3,180; sheep, 13,370;
707; calves, 2,986; horses, 362.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET
CATTLE, 297; sheep, 6; h
calves, 304; horses, 94.

LIVE STOCK EXPORTS FOR OCTOBER

Values in cattle at English pound
cattle 33c, dressed weight, at
123c; at Liverpool, 33c; at
being higher than a week ago.

discovered the fire and started to
to extinguish it before giving the
for the hose on the third floor
straightened out and the water
on. It appears that then the old
must have found the smoke too
and tried to get out. He was

come by smoke, and when the fire-
came, half an hour later, they stum-
over his dead body, not far from
he had left the hose with the

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

WILMSE G. ABBOTT of Northport has taken the A. G. Jewett farm on the Millville road, and will move in and begin operation this week. Mr. Abbott has been proprietor of one of the milk routes in Belfast for nearly years, living at the time on a farm miles out. He is one of Waldo's most progressive young farmers, and his place will be "plenty good" that he has secured a place so near his market.

F. Wells had a natural curiosity store in Belfast the other day—a sprout more than two feet long—

Rough on the dealers, who should know better than to have loaded sales at 90¢ a lb. live weight. Sheep largely from the West, direct to slaughter houses, and bought up by agents in the West quote values on old sheep at lambs, 4@6c.

Wool is better for fat hogs than before. Western now quoted at live weight. Hogs from the East North at 5½¢, as sold dressed was

Our figures of arrivals of sheep up to 20th, sufficient to supply the market, were as follows: ready at 5@5½¢; a few at 5 the general tone a trifle easier.

Cow barns were well equipped, and all qualities were represented.

the sprout had begun to put out green leaves, while the potato was sound and healthy, and only a slight discoloration was visible where the sprout—which was killed—had been.

The Trustees of Waldo County Agricultural Society are to begin this week to fair the grand stand, fences, etc., at the society's grounds, and get them ready for the season's business.

The Gray Fair will be held Septem-
ber 18th and 19th.

Grass is in full blooming, and a good
crop is promised.

E. E. Briggs of Garland is preparing
round to plant 10 acres of corn.
The kind of a farmer!

The farmers of Briggsville are furnish-
ing hay for Briggs, and is rapid in
the progress of cutting in butternut
timber.

Our North Bridgton correspondent
says: Grass is looking well, but we
train, of which there is now a slight
shortage; sowing all done except Hunt-

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

The news of the death of
leigh of Vassalboro, Me., cast
over the market, as he was well
known as a man of excellent qualities,
and was popular to the State.

He had at our markets, as our
butchers can attest. J. M. P.
sold 7 milch cows at \$35 a head
of 10,000 lbs., at 5c.
Johnson sold 100 head of calves
a springer at \$65 a head; best
eastern train, and well worth the

last year to wait until seed time before planting corn and potatoes. Crows good for fine crops; fruit trees, especially stock raisers' trees, are very finely; crows in good condition, a improvement from past years.

One day at West Troy, recently, belonging to L. Garcelon, David of Lewis Stone's flock of 22

W. Ruffe sold 1 nice Holstein 1570 lbs., at 6c, weight. W. Ruffe sold 8 calves, as follows: 6 calves, 1570 lbs., at 6c, 10 calves, 1500 lbs., 5 calves, 1500 lbs., 2 milch cows 540; 2 nice calves, to dress 1293 300 lbs., at 5c, 1 calf, 1500 lbs., at 5c, 1 calf, 134 lbs., at 5½¢. M. D. Hines calves, average 125 lbs., at 5½¢, of 1570 lbs., at 4c, 1 lb. weight.

REMARKS.

When we see such butchers as Woodbridge at meat yards for who deliver many dirty pigs,

men eight for Mr. Sutton. S. Stevens, of New Mills in Auburn, Thursday, were sold for about \$100. They were one sheep lamb and six sheeps. They were terribly mutilated. As we say he wouldn't have taken \$100 for them before the raid.

FIRES IN MAINE.

Alarm of fire was given at about ten o'clock, Wednesday evening, for a fire in the city. We may know that beef is supply and cost higher. Such case at our latest market, and v improvement in calves and cattle, business was conducted with dispatch are liable to have from distaste markets in cattle for several weeks. Only keep western shipped dressed beef better, and the trade will be lucrative. We would that a general increase in cattle

Grand Kindling Wood Factory in
oinham. The watchman at the
discovered fire in one of the pockets
kitchen and gave the alarm. Many
people responded to the summons
the fire was got under control as was
sed, but at three o'clock a second
was given and the pumps of the

ere soon sending a large volume of into the kiln, assisted by the hand to the town. No great damage was further than the wetting of the in the kiln and a general wetting building. The cause of the fire overheating the wood in the kiln.

factory will not be able to run for time.

The buildings owned by Mrs. Burnes north Paris, took fire Thursday afternoon.

The buildings were badly damaged and it would not be the help man near it would have been to

residence on Oak street, Guilford, was sold by C. H. Hood of Williamantic, occupied by C. D. Luce, caught fire the other evening, and for a time it was as though it would have to burn, but it was saved.

and work subduethe flames with
\$200 damage, covered by insur-
The furniture and clothing and
ing was also damaged; loss covered
insurance. The fire caught from a
which had been lighted in the
ber, a snark catching in the bedding.

blaze started Friday night, in the
on Broad street, Bath, occupied by
Sonia. It caught around the
they and was quickly extinguished,
all of the damage being that done
ster.

Goodwin's loss is \$200, no insurance. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Andover Steam Mill burned Sunday-morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock; \$3000; no insurance. The fire got it in the boiler-room. It probably had to be re-built.

Hotel and stable at Higgins' beach, Portland owned by Mrs. Alice

poultry were burned, Tuesday night; cause is a mystery. The house was occupied at the time. Loss \$7000; insurance, \$5500.

broilers, 30@40c.; turkeys, N nominal; Western, 13@15c.
Butter—19@20c. for best fresh cream; other, 17@18c.; dairy,

THE BUREAU OF THE
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20315

Marrled.

In Atkinson, April 24, Rev. Charles H. J. honnet, pastor of the M. E. church, to Miss
In Belfast, May 16, Walter H. Coombs
to Miss Lulu May Freese of Bangor
In Bangor, May 16, Webster to Miss Mabel
Deane, both of Belfast.
In Brunswick, May 17, Charles A. Evere
of Brunswick, to Miss Eric M. Fickett of N.
Pownal.
In Bucksport, May 11, William R. Gifford
of Bucksport, to Miss Fowles, both of O.
vington.
In Bar Harbor, May 15, Charles H. Bunker
to Miss Fannie Peckham, both of Mt. Desert.
In Brewer, May 22, John W. Wilson to Miss
Hester M. Peters, May 22, Edward F. F.
rman to Miss Clara Harding, May 22
Freeman C. Littlefield to Miss Augusta

In Castle Hill, May 13, Frank Chandler to
Castle Hill, to Miss Nettie Downe of Maple
In Castine, May 13, Fred D. Alexander of
Belfast, to Mrs. Cecelia Stevens Runnell, of
Castine
In Deer, April 20, Charles P. Harvey, of
Castine, to Miss Clara E. Florence of Fox-
croft.
In Dover, May 10, John R. Howard of
Newport, to Miss, Mrs. E. Florence of
Deer Isle.
In Foxcroft, May 15, Fred A. Redstone
Miss Ethel M. Taylor, both of Foxcroft.
In East Livermore, May 20, Willard
Stoddard of Foxcroft, to Miss A. Polina
East Livermore.
In Foxcroft, May 15, Thomas T. Lapham to
Miss Lillian May 15, May 11, Frank L.
Whittier to Miss Lydia S. Bennett.
In Foxcroft, May 15, May 11, May 11, B. Stev-
art of Farmington, to Miss Edith Broke
Solon, May 11, Joseph E. Chick to Miss Sad-
ie of Foxcroft.
In Fairfield, May 11, Robert Cole to Miss
Catherine.
In Harmony, May 12, John Davis to Mr.
Harry D. Rose, both of Harmony, May 19, He-
len M. May 19, May 19, May 19, May 19, May 19,

Harmony.

In Jackson, April 23, William Burns & Sherburne, to Miss Rose McKinney of Jackson.

In Lisbon Falls, May 10, Max Keruehl to Miss M. Wingers.

In Monson, May 20, Fred M. Heacock to Miss M. Ethel Morrill.

In New York, May 20, Squire A. Bishop, of Mt. Vernon, to Miss Johanna J. H. Warnke of Washington, D. C.

In Machias, May 27, Henry D. Avery to Miss Susan W. Wingers.

In Mechanic Falls, May 11, Arthur W. Martin to Miss Mabel E. Estes, both of Poland.

In New York, May 20, Squire A. Bishop, of Mt. Vernon, to Miss Johanna J. H. Warnke of Deering, Me., to Miss Caroline Thayer Greenleaf of Nashua, N. H.

In New York, May 21, George W. Gannon to Miss Mary C. Libby.

In Passadunkberg, May 19, Rufus A. McCall to Miss Carrie A. Wheeler, both of Passadunkberg.

In Pittsfield, May 12, Leon L. Libby to Miss Bertha Libby, 19, Pittsfield, Mass.
In Princeton, May 14, William A. McLaughlin to Miss Annie M. Green, both of Princeton, N. J.
In Portland, May 18, Fred Robert Brown to Miss Sarah Jennie Daily, both of Portland.
In Poland, May 15, Herbert Denison to Miss Lillian Denison, both of Poland.
In Rockland, April 18, Lester A. Blake to Miss Augusta M. Quinn, both of Brooksville.
In South Portland, May 16, Clarence H. Gordon to South Portland, to Miss Lillie A. Leeman.
In South Portland, May 16, Clarence H. Vincent of Oswego, N. Y., to Miss Florence E. Lowell.
In South Portland, May 16, Arthur L. Fos to Miss Carrie Bacheiler.
In Searsmont, May 21, Geo. S. Kelso of Searsmont, Mass., to Miss Josie M. Bean of Searsmont.
In Stoneham, May 8, Alton L. McAllister of

Died.

In this city, May 26, James D. Brooks, aged 63 years.
In this city, May 28, Hazen Hill, aged 88 years.
In Addison, May 15, Henry Alline, aged 83 years.
In Aurora, May 14, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith.

and Mrs. Frank P. Gregg, aged 1 day.
In Bangor, May 18, Mrs. Mary Brown,
daughter of Mrs. Nathan Brown, born
7 months.
In Bangor, May 18, Mrs. Armanda S.
Pillsbury, aged 42 years; May 20, Mrs. Mar-
garet McIntire, aged 74 years.
In Bridgeton, May 23, Miss Amanda E. Riley,
aged 40 years.
In Brewer, May 22, Mrs. Nettie Gratiot,
Mailing, wife of Charles H. Mailing, aged 21
years.
In Brooksville, May 15, Mrs. Abbie Cousins
aged 30 years, 6 months.
In East Grand Rapids, May 20, Sarah J. Trost, aged
4 years, 8 months.
In Bethel, May 24, Hiram H. Holt, aged
29 years.
In Bangor, May 22, Edward Lee, son of Wil-
son Lee, aged 1 year, 2 days.
In Bangor, May 22, David M. Grover,
aged 65 years.
In Bangor, May 22, Ambrose C. Flint, in the 76th
month of his age.
In Kato, wife of Timothy W.

W. H. Liffle, aged 71 years, 5 months; May 24.
 Wm. B. Taylor, aged 80 years, 4 months.
 Wm. B. Harlow, aged 79 years, 10 months.
 In Bremen, May 17, Mrs. Lucy Keene, aged
 58 years, 10 months.
 In Cooper, May 11, Samuel Sadler, aged 83
 years, 10 months.
 In Corinth, May 23, Isaac Duren, aged 70
 years, 10 months.
 In Cienfuegos, Cuba, of yellow fever, Capt.
 William Smith of Thomaston, Me., master of
 the ship "Hesperia."
 In Charleston, May 19, Deacon Emmonson
 of Kingsburg, formerly of Bradford, aged 80
 years, 10 months.
 In Dallas, Texas, May 14, the wife of Thos.
 S. Duffy, son of F. H. Duffy of Bangor, Me.,
 aged 22 years, 2 months.
 In the city of New York, May 22, the daughter
 of George and Julia Leighton of Essex,
 Me., died, and wife of Edward S. Maguire.
 In Newbury, May 17, Mrs. E. S. Maguire,
 aged 22 years, 2 months.
 In New York City, May 17, Charles H. Rivers,
 aged 31 years, 10 months.

years, 10 months; May 3, Eva J., aged 10 years, 10 months; Mrs. Noah J. Pratt, aged 16 years, 4 months; Mrs. Mary J. Pratt, aged 16 years, 4 months; Mary of Charleston, aged 76 years, 10 months; In East Vassallboro, May 16, Mary Pratt, aged 76 years, 10 months; In Ellsworth, May 18, Charles McGarrigley, aged 54 years, 9 months; May 19, John Koziger, aged 54 years, 9 months; Mrs. N. E. Donovan, aged 10 weeks; In Fayette, May 14, Russell Norton, aged 76 years, 10 months; In Foxcroft, May 3, Hudson S. Oakes, aged 56 years, 9 months; In Foxcroft, May 19, Mrs. Martha A., wife of Calvin Smith, aged 52 years, 1 month; In Gorham, May 20, David Farr, aged 56 years, 9 months; In Gardiner, May 27, Mrs. Sarah Merrill, wife of the late Wm. H. Merrill, aged 62 years, 10 months; In Hiram Cove, May 15, Joseph Young, aged 36 years; In Houlton, May 14, Miss Julia Eliza Page, aged 36 years.

In Hiram, May 9, Mrs. Eliza, widow of Silas Hale, aged 76 years.
In Hauldsburg, Cal., Apr. 10, James W. Reed, former 1st of Doyle, Mo.
In Hamden, May 23, Mrs. Sarah K. Sykes, widow of George G. Reed, aged 74 years.
In Hartford, Conn., May 23, Mrs. Anna, widow of Bertram Overlook, aged 19 years.
In Jay, May 14, Gustavus Kyles, aged 62 years.
In Lewiston, May 22, Aaron Quimby, aged 61 years, 10 months.
In Littleton, May 10, Joel Goodwin, aged 66 years.
In Leeds, Mass., Mrs. Mary J. Robbins, widow of George S. Robbins of Guilford, Maine, aged 76 years, 8 months.
In Mason, May 10, Mrs. Sarah Mason, aged 73 years.
In Melrose, Mass., May, 14, Mrs. Sophia Bushman, aged 69 years.
In No. Andover, May, Mrs. Betsey Allen, formerly of South Andover.
In Bethel, B. Smith, formerly of Farmington, Me., aged 70 years.

On New Gloucester, May 14, Mrs. Harriet M. Keen, aged 80 years.
 In New York City, May 14, Mrs. Merril, wife of John Bryant, aged 68 years, 2 months.
 In New York City, May 14, Mrs. A. H. Gilman, U. S. Navy, aged 70 years.
 In North Jay, May 19, Maria L. Keep, aged 70 years.
 In Orono, May 20, William E. Bartlett, aged 37 years.
 In Wiscasset, Wis., May 11, Willard G. Sherman, formerly of Calais, Me., aged 64 years.
 In Oakdale, Deering, May 24, Ella S. Burdett, aged 70 years.
 In Portland, May 24, Alice Gertrude, daughter of George W. W. and Jennie R. Lincoln, infant child of W. B. and Carrie E. Crockett, aged 7 weeks; May 24, Mrs. Mary A. Keen, wife of John Keen, May 22, Mrs. Hannah B., widow of William True Sargent, aged 70 years; May 23, Mrs.

Carter, aged 69 years, 11 months; May 21.
 Mr. Martha A. wife of John S. White, aged
 52 years, 3 months; May 20. Mrs. Harriet K.
 wife of John W. North, aged 73 years; May
 23. William S. Corey, aged 39 years, 6 months.
 In Raymond, Cal., May 11. David Corey,
 aged 52 years; May 11. Emma Sullivan, aged
 19 years; May 11. In Rochester, N. H., May 22. Catherine
 O'Donnell, formerly of Portland, Me.,
 aged 66 years; May 21. Edward B. Sheldon,
 aged 66 years.
 In Scarborough, May 17. Mrs. Louise K. Libby,
 aged 60 years.
 In South Lubec, May 18. F. Albert Wormell,
 aged 50 years.
 In South Portland, May 17. Mrs. Eliza Morrill,
 formerly of Hallowell, wife of Oliver Walker,
 aged 73 years.
 In Southville, May 3. Mrs. Sally, wife of
 Levi Nickerson, aged 71 years.

1990



BADGER & MA
Vol. LXIII
Maine
The wide-awake, up
tories in this State

From five to eight cents ruling price for the season's clip, according to locality. Maine flows better than that raised in the wool to throw in.

Now that Massachusetts down on a cattle disease compensation to owners destroyed, and providing test only at the pleasure of the cattle, we trust

A new division has been created in the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, with the title of Dairy Division. Dr. H. V. Alvord has been selected as its chief, with a salary of \$2,500. The division is to collect and disseminate information about the dairy industry in this country. A better salary for the chief could not have been obtained.

reported, to engage in the production of beet sugar in this intensive scale. The K. Company is now in Bowling Green in the total of \$1,000,000, v plant to cost \$750,000 tons of granulated su The beets will be raised by farmers.

The country is in need men who can look narrow environment ly party lines and b

men and conditions. No class of people need broaden more than the farmers as a rule to their farms, their party. Why not join off the farm for a few weeks? Leave it behind and come into upon the broad plain citizen, and learn men who do not belong do not attend your there are good farmers in it.

JUNE ON THE
The spring has been
able for pushing farm
sult the seed has all
ground in proper se
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pressure of work wi
too, a larger amount
into crops than is the
so much work is o
days' time.

It is not yet so late
still more land can h

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may be made of grea
operator. If the barr
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field to one or the o
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results.

way to know what
learn it. Thoroughly
grind the soil down in
Crude, imperfect work
manures do not go well
The let-up in the d
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affords the opportunity
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month past, yet ne
Look around and see

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the farm work. The
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some trifling errands
around the loafing
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either with hands or
have nothing to say
awake, energetic man
better things.